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HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

[Continued from page 152.]

THE severity of Moliere's satire raised up many enemies, who perhaps would have felt less resentment against him if they did not know that it was founded in truth. But the indignation excited by his other pieces, all taken together, was as nothing compared to the rage of those whose consciences smarted under the lash of his celebrated comedy of the *Tartuffe*, or the Hypocrite. The physicians, apothecaries, fools, fops, and misers, whom he had scourged before, affected to laugh and to join the world in the general laugh against themselves. But the hypocrites were more numerous, more powerful, more vitious, and more vindictive, and writhed under the poet's lash with an impatience which betrayed their feelings, and rendered concealment so impracticable, that for once in their lives their hypocrisy forsook them, and they declared open war against him. As he selected his principal character from among the clergy, he was charged with the crime of attacking religion, and the piece was attacked by hypocrites of every deno-

mination. "This comedy," said they, "is a declaration of war against the whole human race; for where is there to be found a body of men among whom hypocrisy is not practised?"—"It is an impious attack upon God himself," said the priests; "it is abominable, and ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman."

As the word *Tartuffe* was till then unknown in the language, and has since been taken into it on account of the general signification it acquired from this celebrated play, it would be improper to omit the circumstances to which Moliere's introduction of it was owing. Moliere had been a close and keen observer of the farce of life, and from the impostors and dupes he saw in prodigious numbers about him, he had collected all the features of hypocrisy for the purpose of exposing that vice in its most loathsome deformity. While he was employed upon his comedy, which he at first intended to call "The Impostor," he was in the palace of the pope's nuncio, and happened one day to be promenading in the cloisters with two ecclesiastics belonging to the suite of that great churchman, who held forth with great earnestness and eloquence upon the virtues of the nuncio—upon his piety, his charity, his severe devoutness, and above all his rigid abstinence from food, and from all the gross corporeal indulgences. Moliere listened very attentively, knowing that abstemiousness was not one of the virtues for which his eminence deserved praise, and was not a little amused by observing that their reverence's encomiums on abstinence were interlarded with frequent hints respecting the bill of fare for that day: at length they adverted to a particular dish, of a very high and expensive composition, which generally made a part of the table; observing, in terms of mortification and heartfelt regret, that it would, on that day, be deficient of its customary excellence for the want of some tuffles, which were not to be obtained. Just at the moment when these conscientious devotees to abstinence were giving vent to their mortification, a man passed by, who had tuffles to sell. At this the ecclesiastics, in their zeal to provide for the comfort of the nuncio's palate—and their own, cried out "*tartufoli, signior Nuncio, tartufoli!*" From this Moliere took occasion to change the title of his play from "*l'Imposture*," to "*Le Tartuffe*," since which time the word *Tartuffe* has been introduced into the dictionary.*

* See Dufief's Dictionary.

Another incident, of which Moliere availed himself, was as follows. Lewis the Fourteenth, as he marched towards Lorrain, was invited by a bishop to his house, and accepted the invitation. The bishop said that, it being a fast day, he should be able to give his majesty but a very poor dinner.—Lewis having observed that one of his noblemen in waiting smiled at this, insisted upon knowing the cause: upon which the courtier said he could not help smiling to think that the bishop should call such a dinner as they were going to receive a poor one; “though,” added he, “it is not so good as the bishop himself generally sits down to, even when alone.” The king then desired to be let into the particulars of the expected bill of fare, which the courtier detailed as nearly as he could, dish by dish. At the mention of every luxury, the king cried out ironically, but each time in a different tone of voice, *poor man!—indeed! poor soul!—Alas, poor man!—how I pity him!*—Moliere, who attended in the capacity of a valet de chambre, overheard the whole scene, and so happily availed himself of the circumstance, as to introduce the effect of it into his comedy, at which the king, when he was informed of it at Versailles, laughed very heartily.

Moliere, however, was supported against his persecutors by the king, who had the three first acts represented before him in private; and, in order to give his defence of the piece a better colour, he ordered that it should be examined by the most celebrated writers of the day, whose sentence in its favour he bespoke, or rather secured, by declaring that he himself had read it, and found nothing in it that was not perfectly harmless, indeed, in his opinion, meritorious. Finding Moliere thus greatly supported, the whole host of hypocrites went to work with all possible industry and earnestness to put down the Tartuffe by cabal; insisting that the public alone were to judge of dramatic representations (meaning by the public, no doubt, their own cabal). The most signal devotees were consulted; and those, however sincere, being generally weak men, entered with a fury proportioned to their zeal into what they called the cause of religion and piety; and a poor crackbrained enthusiast, who possessed a small cure, undertook to pronounce *Le Tartuffe* a work full of profaneness and impiety, and insisted that, in quality of priest, he had a right to interdict it, and excommunicate the author.

On the other hand, the king authorized the performance of the play. But, wishing to conciliate the affections of the people, while he disapproved their folly, he advised that, in order a little to qualify the matter, the name of the piece should be changed to *l'Imposture*, and that the hypocrite should appear as one of the laity.

Half a century after, Colley Cibber brought out an excellent comedy, borrowed from the *Tartuffe*, which he called *The Nonjuror*. It was acted eighteen days running; and the party who thought themselves aggrieved by it played the hypocrite with consummate art and malignity: for they smiled at the play; but on every occasion that occurred for years afterwards endeavoured to wreak their vengeance upon the author. The objects of Cibber's satire being political, soon after became obsolete, which suggested to Bickerstaff the idea of converting the *Nonjuror* into that excellent comedy, *The Hypocrite*, which has for years kept the stage, and promises long to remain among the favourite stock pieces of the British theatre.

Among those who first approved of the principle and admired the writing of the *Tartuffe*, was that celebrated lady, Madame Ninon de l'Enclos, who perceived its drift and relished it highly. She told the author that hypocrisy, and most particularly that kind of it which he had so happily exposed, had been long an object of her particular study, and that she conceived nothing could be more meritorious than to detect it; and she enlarged upon the subject with so much knowledge and ingenuity, that the poet declared she was much more competent to treat it than he was himself. In his life of that extraordinary lady, Voltaire adverts very particularly to her deep insight into this most loathsome of all the evils of the human heart, and mentions one of the instances of it which she had related to Moliere. The story is worthy of a place here, and could not possibly be given in better words than those of the lively Voltaire himself.

"When M. de Gourville, who was considered for twenty-four hours as the successor of the great Colbert, fled in 1661 from France, lest he should be hanged in person as he had been in effigy, he left behind him two cassettes full of money. One of these he confided to Madame Ninon de l'Enclos—the other to a devotee. On his return, he found the money left with Ninon in good condi-

tion, nay it had considerably increased by her management. Grateful to find he had been so well dealt by, he insisted that Ninon should accept at least the overplus as a gratuity for the trouble she had taken. She told him very coolly that she considered herself as a friend, and not a usurer, and pleasantly said that if she heard any thing more about it, she would throw both cassette and money out of the window.—The devotee chose another style of conduct. He said that he had employed all the money in pious uses: for that he had more regard for the soul of M. de Gourville than to suffer him to enjoy riches acquired by means for which, without repentance, he must expect to be damned!"

In portraying his *Tartuffe*, Moliere cannot be entirely acquitted of personality. Though the vices of hypocrisy and fanaticism were the general objects he held in view, yet nothing was better known than that the abbe Roquette, bishop of Autun, was the great personal original from whom he drew his hypocrite. The abbe was not so intimately known to Moliere as to enable him to enter so minutely into his character as it was known he did in the *Tartuffe*; but the particulars were furnished by Despreaux—not by direct communication to our author, but intermediately, through a letter written by Despreaux for the express purpose, and addressed to M. Guilleragues.

Never did a satire appear in any shape which cut so deeply to the hearts of the guilty objects as did this comedy. Notwithstanding the royal approbation, by which the play was sanctioned even before its public representation, the parliament of Paris issued an order to suppress it immediately after its second appearance. For certain political reasons, the king suspended the exertion of his authority for the time; but two years afterwards gave an order that it should be performed, of so very peremptory a kind that it was never after disputed. No sooner did this take place than Moliere became the object of general adulation: his very enemies scrupled not to play *Tartuffe*, and bedaub him with adulation. Of the more open and violent opposers of the piece, whose inveteracy was too publicly known to be decently denied, some retired sullenly in discomfiture and disgrace, while others pretended to be convinced of their error, and affected publicly to espouse his interest with a zeal proportioned to their private hatred of it. As long as the public clamour ran high, the reprobation of the piece by the clergy

was astonishingly virulent. The great father Bourdaloue himself entered the lists, and publicly preached against Moliere. The following passage, taken from one of his sermons on the occasion, is really a curiosity in its kind:

"As *true and false devotion have a great similitude in their outward appearance*; as the same raillery that attacks the one, *prima facie*, attacks the other; as it is impossible to know the true from the counterfeit without an examination of the hearts of men; as hypocrisy cannot be censured without raising unjust suspicions against true piety, all virtuous men ought to decry such a work.—What has this author done?—He has represented on the stage an imaginary hypocrite, who, by his actions, turns the most holy things into ridicule; who appears scrupulous in matters of no consequence, but in affairs of consequence is guilty of the most enormous crimes; outwardly a penitent, he is inwardly a profligate; and under the appearance of the most austere piety practises the most consummate villany. Who will point out in the world this particular man?—It is impossible; and it cannot be applied but by an unworthy suspicion of religion in general, and the principles of its professors in particular. This is cruel and immoral, and no government ought to tolerate it."

The preachers against Moliere, however, had no cause to plume themselves on the success or credit of their assaults upon him; for not only Moliere cut them to the bone with his wit, but a vast body of the ecclesiastics justified the piece and earnestly applauded it, declaring it to be a most valuable and useful moral work which exhibited an abominable vice in its true naked deformity, and placed virtue in its proper light—which did honour to those who were truly virtuous and sincerely religious, and censured, and of course could hurt none but those whose consciences told them they were pointed out as hypocrites and bigots.

As a specimen of the poignant raillery with which Moliere treated those who inveighed against him from the pulpit, the following single anecdote will suffice.

Soon after the great and eloquent Bourdaloue had fulminated his reprobation against him, an acquaintance of Moliere's meeting him, said archly enough, "Moliere, you would never have been censured by the priests if you had not taken it into your head to encroach on their traffic, by introducing sermons on the stage."—"Truly," said

Moliere, in reply, "I cannot, for my part, see that there is more harm in sermons on the stage than in farces in the pulpit."

But they who were taught to imagine that the attacks upon Moliere were a warfare in the cause of religion were deceived. The best part of the clergy of France maintained that the Tartuffe was friendly to true religion.—"If," said they, "the defence of religion be the real object, why is the utmost latitude of toleration given to dramatic pieces that are full of real, daring impiety, and of which there are numbers?—Why has the *Scaramouche Hermite* been suffered, nay applauded?—No, it is in the cause of vitious dissemblers and self-convicted hypocrites the war is made—and therefore we reprobate it." Now know, reader, that the character of *Scaramouche Hermite* thus adverted to, was a priest playing the same part as our Ranger. An anchoret, dressed up in the guise of a monk, mounts up to the bed-chamber of a married woman by a ladder of ropes. To this very play Doctor Hoadley was afterwards indebted for the chief part of the plot of his "Suspicious Husband." And the words of Ranger, "*Up I go*," are only a more decent modification of the anchoret's words as he ascends his rope-ladder—" *Questo per mortificatur le carme*." One night, during the two years' suspension of the Tartuffe, the king ordered it to be performed before him. The play being over, Lewis, on quitting his seat, said to the great CONDE, "I should be glad to know why those who think themselves so scandalized by Moliere's Tartuffe, should so quietly suffer, nay even loudly applaud *Scaramouche Hermite*."—"For the best reason in the world, sire," replied the prince; "Scaramouche only laughs at religion, which these holy men do not care a farthing about; but the Tartuffe laughs at themselves, which they can never forgive."

A charming little piece, intituled *Le Sicilien*, followed the Tartuffe, at an interval, however, of three years (1767)—and in 1768, he brought out no less than three: *Amphitruon*, the plot of which is taken from Plautus; *George Dandin* and *l'Avare*.—George Dandin is, perhaps, more irresistibly laughable than any other piece in the French language, and when originally represented was accompanied with songs and music. A circumstance attended this production which speaks more for the intellectual than the moral character of the author. Having fixed upon a certain ridiculous individual as the original from whom he was to draw the picture of his hero, he contrived so to ingratiate himself with the man, as to make him con-

sent to be the patron and encourager of his own exposure. Proud to be rendered conspicuous by the pen of Moliere, the unfortunate fool stood forth the real George Dandin, and even went so far as to make parties to support the comedy, and was laughed at as much off the stage as his ridiculous representative was on it. A great share of Moliere's success in the piece is ascribed to this circumstance.

The *l'Avare*, from which the hint of our Miser was taken by Fielding, is considered one of the best comedies of the author. Yet it had been very nearly damned by the absurd taste of the French, because it was written in prose—the very thing which of itself ought to have insured its success. No poet has written more naturally in any language than Moliere in his; and therefore a great share of his excellence was lost by his conforming to the absurd fashion of the times and writing in verse, which greatly detracted from the spirit of his dialogue and pungency of his wit; a fault attributable to all the French writers of comedy in verse, but which was so highly relished by the French at that time that nothing less than the genius of a Moliere could have succeeded in putting it down. *L'Avare*, however, in some time, became a great favourite with the public, and was translated into the language of every other country that could boast of an established theatre. In the following year (1669) he brought out his *Pourceaugnac*, in three acts; and in 1670, his *Amans Magnifique*.

We should think the subject, even of Moliere, unfit to be dwelt upon so minutely, if it consisted of nothing more than a chronological detail of his publications: but in the course of his life (the same may be in some degree said of the other French poets) there are so many anecdotes and incidents which serve to lay open the heart of that frail being man, that we scarcely know where a more affluent fund of information and amusement is to be found. Respecting his *Amans Magnifique*, we have a very curious one to relate in this place.

Benserade, the dramatic poet, of whom we have heretofore spoken, had several times attacked Moliere: and the quarrel continued from 1664, sometimes bursting out with fury, and again subsiding, to the year 1670, when Moliere determined to take a pleasant revenge upon him. Benserade was under the protection of a nobleman of the highest rank, who had often insisted that Moliere was incapable of writing such verses as Benserade.—When, there-

fore, Moliere brought out his new play, he wrote one entire scene so much in the manner of Benserade, that his patron, believing it to be really his, publicly declared that Moliere evinced his wisdom in obtaining the assistance of a writer so much superior to himself. In the mean time, Benserade, conscious that he had no share whatever in the play, did not know how to act. At last, finding that the thing was taken for granted on one part, and on the other not questioned or denied, he resolved to brazen it out, and openly received the compliments of his patron's friends with as much satisfaction as if he had been in reality the author of the scene. When he had so far got himself inmeshed in the toils which had been laid for him, Moliere, who coolly and craftily watched for his opportunity, came forth and publicly declared, that Benserade had neither written, known of, nor been in any way concerned in the piece; and by this stratagem not only silenced him and his patron for ever, but made them the butts of universal contempt and ridicule.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, published the same year, gave birth to another anecdote, which would countenance the worst satires that can be uttered upon servility. At the first representation of this piece, the king declined giving any opinion upon it, and his sycophantic courtiers, mistaking his silence for a generous disinclination to condemn the production of a man whom he protected and admired, shrugged up their shoulders, and did not hesitate to speak of the comedy with the most sovereign contempt. This severely mortified Moliere; and when Baron, to whom alone he disclosed his chagrin, told him that he understood the courtiers had so circulated their malicious censures that all Paris were infected with them, he gave up his play for lost. The king, however, signified a wish to be at a second representation of it, and after it was over, told Moliere that he had, on the first performance, purposely declined saying any thing upon the subject, as he did not care to hazard an opinion, lest he should be seduced by the fascination of the piece to mistake the passages which were so provokingly laughable for wit, when perhaps they might be only spurious humour. "I have, however," continued his majesty, "attended to it this evening with my utmost care, and have found the piece so replete with rich and animated traits of nature, that I do not hesitate to pronounce it a most admirable comedy."—Now, reader, mark the convenient versatility of the sycophants who surround

kings, and men in high power!—The courtiers, hearing this unequivocal decision of the king, surrounded Moliere in crowds; and for every injurious invective they levelled at him before, now loaded him with a hundred compliments!

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF Mrs. SIDDONS.

[Continued from page 173.]

NATURE has exhausted her perfections in the formation of Mrs. Siddons' sublime countenance, and has united in it all the lineaments of an exalted mind. In the arts, ancient or modern, neither the chisel nor the pencil have produced a face that contains half that portion of expression and grandeur, which sits on the majestic brow of this admirable woman. Her eyes are large and dark, and have correspondent consequence with the other parts of her features, and which give all the emotions of the heart with astonishing intelligence. Her voice is physically rich, powerful, and melodious: it is also under the direction of a fine ear, and a cultivated judgment, and when employed in the high walks of Melpomene, it reaches the heart with the most powerful effect.

She possesses the whole art of speaking; and it is said, unites all the great qualities of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Barry; but we know she has personal and mental advantages which must always shade their memory, on comparing the living with the dead.

It would be an act of injustice to the talents of Mrs. Siddons, to close this article without taking a view of some of those many beauties which accompany her descriptive powers in a few of her principal characters.

The different plays in which this lady shines in all the radiance of theatrical lustre, are too well known to need any comment on either their construction or diction: we shall therefore confine our remarks wholly to her performance in them.—As the representative of the injured Isabella, Mrs. Siddons claims our unqualified

eulogium, for her natural, delicate, and finished illustration of the text. The interest she creates when she enters absorbed in her own miseries, yet with a modest dignity of deportment rejects Villeroy with so mild a forbearance of his suit, and such a grateful recollection of his friendship, as render her refusal meritorious even to him; while affection is pictured in her face for her child, in delivering these words:

My little angel! no, you must not cry;
Sorrow will overtake thy steps too soon;
I should not hasten:

strongly evinced that even misery, with that pledge of her Biron's love, was dearer to her than affluence with Villeroy.

In her piteous appeal to the feelings of her cruel father, her tones are the most soft and affecting that can possibly reach the heart; but when the unfeeling count, resisting her pathetic entreaty for her child, "to save him from the wrongs that fall upon the poor," and would force the boy from her, she bursts forth with all that sublime pathos which characterizes her talents—

No, we must never part!—'tis the last hold
Of comfort I have left; and when he fails,
All goes along with him—
I live but in my child!

And on finding him inexorable, she colours the following words in a style beyond our just description:

Then Heaven have mercy on me!

The submissive plaintiveness of her tone must ever be remembered with affecting delight and admiration. In the second act she beautifully delineates despair, governed by piety:

Do I deserve to be this outcast wretch,
Abandon'd thus, and lost?—But 'tis my lot;
The will of Heaven, and I must not complain.

Passing over some other little beauties which she gives to the character, we now come to her reluctance to part with Biron's ring. The manner of her kissing it, and the suddenness of the motion with which she gives it to the nurse, show a fear of trusting herself with another look at the gift of love, lest another glance at it should recal the remembrance of the act to which her bitter misery had power to lead her.

She is particularly great also where she meets her creditors; the conflicting passions which appear to agitate her mind in this scene, constitute acting that we despair of ever seeing adorn the British stage, when Mrs. Siddons shall be no more.

This beauty is followed by a thousand others, that we feel at a loss to describe with accuracy. But when she is interrupted in her contemplation by the advice of Carlos, to give him, by accepting Villeroy's hand, "a friend and father," the violence and surprise with which she exclaims, "a husband!" are so expressive of her horror at the idea, that every auditor instantly becomes pervaded with a correspondent sympathy.

The unwillingness with which she consents to become the wife of Villeroy, while fondly kissing her darling child, as if to conceal her want of affection for him, and to avoid giving pain to his generous and friendly nature, is exquisitely delineated.

At the nuptial feast she displays infinite judgment in her deportment, and forces a smile on the cheek that is pallid with grief.

In the fourth act, when she embraces Biron's ring with agitating fears, is as interesting a piece of acting as ever adorned the stage; and her dread to behold him, and the fearful scrutiny with which she examines the features of the disguised Biron, together with the horrid satisfaction visible in her countenance for his supposed death, are, in point of excellence, beyond any thing we can justly describe. When he throws off his disguise, and she discovers that he is the long-lost partner of her heart, there is also a sublimity of scenic exertion which has a most powerful hold of the feelings. Through the whole of this interesting scene, she is astonishingly great. Her forgetfulness of her own situation in the pleasure of seeing her husband once more, and the manner in which she busies herself in all the little offices about him, is so natural and affecting, that it draws forth the most unqualified applause.

Her endearing voice and look in giving these words, "I'll but say my prayers and follow you,"—which is followed by a distraction which that idea inspires—

My prayers! no, I must never pray again!
Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes;
But I have nothing left to hope for more;—

and the desperate means she fixes on to rid herself of

All the reproaches, infamies, and scorn,
That every tongue and finger will find for her,—

are painfully affecting. Again, her reluctance to disclose her misery, yet the dark hints she gives of it, constitutes a most sublime picture of love. Her start, on approaching to stab Biron—her shock when going to take a last farewell of him, and the insanity which immediately follows, affect the spectator's mind with the most sympathetic horror. A thousand beauties are imparted to the eye and ear of her audience, which work upon the feelings with all their due effect. We cannot leave unnoticed the sublime and distracting solemnity in her voice, when the wounded Biron is led in; her dying laugh, and her maternal embraces of her child. When Mrs. Siddons dies, Isabella will, perhaps, be lost for ever to the stage.

In that wide range of tragic characters, which for years have been supported by this lady, there appears the same excellence in the representation of all of them.

Her personification of Lady Macbeth is pregnant with beauties: the eye and ear are continually delighted with the elegance of her attitudes, the expression of her features, and her rich and all powerful voice.

In Zara, Belvidera, Margaret of Anjou, Jane Shore, and Lady Randolph, she cannot be seen but with the most exalted delight.—There are also a variety of other characters which have been rendered conspicuous by her support of them, and on which she has shed an effulgence that will diminish in lustre when her professional powers shall be withdrawn from the mimic world. Her acting is not made up of noise and rant, with a wild and injudicious display of action. It is not the common thing of the day. She knew that nature, left to itself, would do but little; that deep affliction, and a variety of accomplishments, were necessary steps to the temple of Fame; and with these philosophic impressions, Mrs. Siddons has become mistress of every art that is at all related to the drama, or that can adorn the gentlewoman: these must be numerous, as an actress has to assume all the habits and passions attached to the human character. Among the most useful accomplishments of a player, a knowledge of the antique figure and painting are absolutely necessary, as they furnish a performer with a classi-

cal and perfect possession of the most beautiful attitudes; and Mrs. Siddons has not been insensible to the value of these acquirements, and has united with a theoretical knowledge of the arts, the practical art of sculpture, in which she has, on several occasions, greatly distinguished herself. This accounts for her action being so chaste, expressive, and captivating. The most critical eye might look in vain for an inelegant attitude, or a sudden break in her action, or the figure thrown out of its proper position by too great an extension of the arms in either direction.

Her attitudes, features, and sentiments, so accurately unite in their respective application, that the most trifling word goes to the audience with more effect than what the generality of players will produce by a month's ranting.—On her features we cannot refrain making a few more remarks. The consummate skill with which she employs the muscles of her face in the just illustration of every passion, is great beyond example. Though nature has been bountiful in giving her an expressive face, yet such a gift in the possession of a careless and uneducated actress, would not do much. She is such a perfect mistress of her countenance, that she can impart the progressive rays of a passion to the very acme of excellence. Her brow emits all the various tints of the passion which characterize the portrait she assumes. Her eyes have such a playful sublimity about them, that, with a glance, a spectator may possess her thoughts before she has opened her lips.

In her private deportment, Mrs. Siddons is said to possess all the qualities which constitute the accomplished gentlewoman, and the amiable and intelligent companion.

LIFE OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

THIS respectable gentleman, and fine actor, is the eldest brother of Mrs. Siddons, and was born at Prescott, in Lancashire, in the year 1757. He was placed at a school in Staffordshire, called Sedgeley Park, and was sent about the year 1770 to the university of Douay, where he became master of the Greek, Latin and French languages. His attention to his studies procured him several premiums.—On his return to England, he discovered an inclination for the stage, notwithstanding it was his father's intention that he should have devoted his life to religious study. He made his first

appearance on the stage at Wolverhampton, (1776) in the character of Theodosius (Force of Love), with so much success, that he pursued his theatric fame at Leicester. Nobody there saw, or foresaw, what they liked; for almost every body hissed. The only applause came from Mr. Cradock, who gave this account of his unpopularity with other people, and his good acceptance with himself: "that he was totally unlike the rest of his associates."

"What Cradock thus cheerfully said," says Este of Kemble's biographer, "was by Kemble at least, we may suppose, easily believed. Perhaps, it deserved to be so; for Cradock, besides having the pursuits and pleasures of a man of fortune, was himself an actor, as well as a writer of tragedy—as well, the world says, not better.

"At Gloucester, Kemble suffered nearly the same discomfiture, and soothed himself with yet better consolation. For, on Cradock's encouragement, he ventured largely, and in some instances so luckily, that a clergyman in residence not only applauded him in the playhouse, but made his praise be noticed by Warburton!

"Whatever was new and ingenious was sure of furtherance from that prelate. He opened his doors to Kemble, and heard him in some of Hamlet and Macbeth. The new readings were approved, and on the whole, the meeting went off so well that it lasted much longer than was at first intended.

"Kemble dined with the *Bishop of Gloucester!*

"And thus, perhaps, allowably, a little giddy when he sat down, he seemed, from his drinking, less likely to rise up sober!

"Excess never found a friend in Warburton. His table was well served, and he loved the pleasures of it, but he knew how to stop himself, and other people. He thought Kemble called for ale rather too often, and he very properly told him so. His reproof had neatness in it as well as virtue,—“Young man,” said the Bishop, “they who thus *drink ale*, will *think ale!*”

"If Kemble, notwithstanding this, was not quite cool when he went away, the *inspiration* may be supposed of *better* quality, than what had been in his cups—the mantling bliss of vanity!

"And who would not be reasonably vain, in thus at once making a way in life, from the bottom of it to the top? And when a boy, and in a barn, getting a dinner, by his own attractions, in the *palace of Gloucester*, and with *Warburton the bishop!*"

Upon this fustian of parson Este, a clever, but eccentric and ridiculous writer, Mr. Reid, has this manuscript note:—"22d May,

1795, Mr. Kemble called upon me, and I showed him the preceding account, and inquired concerning the truth of it. He told me that he had performed at Leicester and Gloucester, and had been very kindly noticed by Mr. Cradock; but that, as to the anecdote of the Bishop of Gloucester, there was no truth in it whatever."

From Leicester he proceeded to Manchester and Liverpool; and after some time was engaged by Tate Wilkinson, the York manager. His success and conduct in this company will be best gathered from the manager's own relation in his *Wandering Patentee*.

Mr. Kemble made his first appearance at Hull in the character of Macbeth, October 30, 1778; next he acted Archer, which was not unlike his manner of playing *airy comedy* now. He, from soon getting well connected at Hull; and from his merits rising daily as to reputation, aided by a strong imagination, and a *nerved understanding*, it may easily be supposed soon gained popularity and attention, on and off the stage.

In the course of the year 1778, he acted Lord Aimworth, *without songs*; and perhaps his performance was not the worse for that omission. It must be observed, however, that he was not the only instance of such a strange opera undertaking: for Barry and Mossop, when *The Maid of the Mill* was in high repute, aided that musical performance by each, as rival opera performers, at their different theatres of Crow-street and Smock-alley, by acting the character of Lord Aimworth; and I never heard it decided for the honour of either, which was the best.—To the credit of Mr. Kemble, I must mention, that he undertook the character, not from whim or choice, but to assist a brother actor on a benefit night.

On Tuesday, December 29, Mr. Kemble presented the town, on his benefit night, with a tragedy of his own, intitled *Belisarius*; which was received with candour, credit, and applause.

Mr. Kemble, on his appearance at York, soon made way, but not rapidly; for the public will have favourites of their own: instances of which I have often seen and observed, that by setting up a new favourite only rivets another set as determinately hostile to any new favoured rival, and, not unlike political partizans, reason is little consulted. I remember desiring a servant of mine particularly to see the play of Hamlet, and he would not stir from my house to the theatre: after some interrogation of mine, why he would not attend the theatre, he said it was "because Mr. Kemble played

Hamlet."—"Well," says I, "and he plays Hamlet excellently well."—"That may be, sir, but I am sure I could not abide to see Mr. Kemble play Hamlet; you know, sir, it is Mr. Cummins's part."—And in the million there are more such critics than can be easily imagined, created from want of judgment, spleen, envy, partiality, obstinacy, and a thousand *et ceteras*.

Mr. Kemble's first appearance in the York theatre was on the 19th of January, 1789, in the formidable Prince Orestes: a quarrel at the rehearsal, relative to which side, P. S. or O. P. for Orestes to make his entrance, in the fifth act, to the jealous great Priam's daughter, Hermione, was combated strongly by the prince and the princess; however the hero conquered the heroine; and he preserved his situation, more from a show of superiority and knowledge, I believe, than as to any real opinion being material to Mr. Kemble as to either, P. S. or O. P.; I was chosen umpire, and I believe perplexed the controversy more than settled it.

Mr. Kemble's second appearance at York was, by his own choice, in Ranger: his third, Edward the Black Prince. In many passages of that character, he made the audience feel his great propriety and sterling merit. His benefit was his own tragedy of Belisarius, on Saturday, March 27th; which was well received, and his interest and reputation deservedly on the increase.

Mr. Kemble presented Mrs. Hunter, for her benefit night, with a piece called The Female Officer.

Murphy's "Zenobia" was appointed for Thursday, April 15th, purposely for introducing a lady in that character, who came from Ireland to slay the tragic princesses in Yorkshire, by dint of a superior force of arms.

On that fatal night, a lady of family, well known at that time, was present; her name was Saville, possessed of strong sense, and with that a most poignant turn of satire, and never curbed her laugh when she chose to be in the comic vein, whether it was tragedy or comedy. Two circumstances occurred to make this night unfortunate: Miss Saville possessed the stage-box, and had her beaux to talk and laugh with; she unluckily took a sudden antipathy to the new stage heroine, and never failed, on her appearance, to show her great disapprobation, by the strongest marks of contempt and ridicule. From some unaccountable partiality, she had also adopted an opinion greatly to the prejudice of Kemble,

who acted Teribazus; so that in the last act, when Kemble and the lady were fully employed in the agonizing scenes of death, Miss Saville, to satisfy her satirical vein, gave such way to her impetuosity of temper and spirits, that she really, as Lady Townly says, "talked (and laughed) louder than the players." The new actress not having made any favourable impression, so as to gain the hearts of the audience, was left destitute of all support, and certainly appeared to every disadvantage, by receiving such discouraging treatment, as might have damped the courage of Mademoiselle Cordé. Kemble being not a little nettled at Miss Saville's pointed rudeness, (which certainly did not reflect honour or credit either to her family or herself,) in the last scene conveyed looks of disdain (of which he was and is capable) to the lady, which looks were as scornfully returned with reiterated bursts of laughter. On the repeated repetition of such injurious and indelicate behaviour, Mr. Kemble made a full and long stop, and when at last called on by the audience to "*Go on! go on!*"—he with great gravity, and a pointed bow to the stage-box, said he was ready to proceed with the play as soon as *that* lady had finished her conversation, which he perceived the going on with the tragedy only interrupted. This called up the roses into cheeks not the most remarkable for being feminine or delicate; and fury, indignation, and lightning flashed from her eyes: the audience were roused from their stupor, and in general hissed the lady in the stage-box, and several voices cried "*Out! Out!*" This was treatment "horrible, most horrible," for a lady who prided herself on family more than fortune, and whose spirits, at certain times, were under the control of the moon. She could not bear such an unexpected insult, either from the audience or the player. She summoned most of the officers, gentlemen of the North-Riding militia, who were assembled at York, and unluckily, I may almost say, in the theatre, for they obeyed the lady's commands in a body, and came to my house, which adjoins the theatre, and with one voice commanded Mr. Kemble into their presence.—I said it was an unfortunate accident to the audience and the performers; I had not any doubt but Mr. Kemble would immediately appear before them, but at the same time begged leave to hint, that Mr. Kemble had the education and the principles of a gentleman implanted in his mind, and therefore wished that, if they looked on Mr. Kemble as a good actor and an acquisition to the public, and me as the manager, to consider, that if they offered

lordly language or authority to him, he would not submit to any ungentlemanlike degradation, and we should only suffer a mutual loss: they urged an affront to a lady from a performer, so insultingly given, demanded reparation. I waited on my friend Kemble, prepared him for the purpose, and left him to be directed by a judgment much superior to my own. When he entered my dining-room, the officers seemed peremptory and warm; Kemble was cool, deliberate, determined, and not to be alarmed by threats or numbers; after much altercation, it was concluded, that instantly an explanation should be given, to reconcile the matter to them as the defenders of the lady, and the audience. The officers returned to their stations in the theatre, and, at the end of the overture, they called on Mr. Kemble. The audience in the interim had laid their *nobs* together, and concluded, on mature deliberation, that matters were carrying that greatly intruded on their rights,—that Miss Saville was a constant disturber,—that the officers wanted to degrade Kemble, for only having acted with the spirit of a man;—and they did, for *once*, allow that an actor might *feel* when insulted on the stage, at least equal to those off—

And the spurns that patient merit bears, &c.

struck their ideas forcibly: therefore, when Kemble appeared, the pit and galleries cried out, "No apology! No apology!" The boxes insisted on Kemble's being heard, which at last was unanimously agreed to; and he stated, with great calmness and precision, the state of an actor so disagreeably circumstanced, and was proceeding with great justness, propriety, and elegance, in an extempore and honourable defence of the stage, which making against the opinion of the boxes, they cried out, "*We want none of your conversation or jabbering here, it is very impudent and impertinent; talk no more, sir, but instantly ask pardon.*" Mr. Kemble, with face erect, voice distinct, pride manifestly hurt, and with expression equal to his best line in Coriolanus, full of disdain, firmly said—"PARDON!—No, sirs!—*Never!*"—and left the stage with bursts of approbation from the audience. The heroes were left planet-struck; but no one more or half so much disappointed as the queen of the quarrel: for Miss Saville, expecting with great exultation, pardon from the *insolent* actor, turned pale and sick—and enraged left the theatre. The boxes found it a vain struggle to call for Kemble again that night to make reparation; and they left the

field of battle, not as conquerors, but as the vanquished party breathing revenge: for we seldom, when prevented in our views either of ambition, pleasure, justice, or injustice, take the even scale to weigh any matter that may probably make against our own selflove and pride of superiority, when reigning over inferiors.

Perhaps the reader will conjecture, that cool reflection, and not any play from Thursday till the Saturday following, would have produced salutary effects. But as the Player King observes,

We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heav'ns,—

so though all seemed calm in the interim, yet a violent storm arose on the Saturday. The audience in general, and Kemble's friends, judged that those who are deemed the quality were too overbearing, and, *per contra*, the other party could not suffer the idea of an actor not being subservient in every respect: an opinion in general predominant out of London, unless with those who take the trouble to really think and judge of men, and weigh circumstances with an impartial hand. The play was "Percy;"—Kemble acted Douglas: a party in the boxes, not expecting opposition, and assured and determined to carry the point, and chastise the insolent actor, on his appearance cried out, "Pardon, pardon!" But John Bull had made good several determined friends of the public, and all Kemble's acquaintances were scattered in every part of the theatre—the boxes not by any means without his partizans; the result was, that the attack of pardon, and humiliation that was instantly expected from Kemble, was entirely drowned by a vociferation of voices not to be overpowered, by such a salute of applause to Mr. Kemble, as would have sounded well in a London theatre. Then again—again—and so called for with increasing plaudits for six repeated thunderers, as quite astonished his opposers; and reiterated applauses accompanied his performance to the finish of the play. I believe his antagonists, who were actuated from pride, not reason, were heartily glad when Earl Douglas died; and I dare aver, Mr. Kemble found it a very pleasant death. But sorry am I to relate that all did not end here; more gentlemen were summoned on Thursday, April 20th, which immediately followed; the play was Macbeth, in which character I figured away, but was called on by several officers and gentlemen between the acts, relative to Mr. Kemble. The Toy Shop was to be acted

after the play; in which Mr. Kemble personated the master of the Toy Shop: I convinced them that Kemble would not suffer degradation on his part, his situation in the York theatre was not such as to make a sacrifice worth attention; he would rather lose profit than reputation; he had no property at stake that the hand of power might either revenge by neglect, riot, or disturbance; and hoped those considerations would weigh with their reflections and determinations.—Dr. Burgh, a gentleman of highly polished abilities, guided by strong judgment and discernment, and full of regard to Kemble, came round, I remember, on his part, to soften and relax if possible the determined mind of Kemble; so by this means, and general St. Leger (who was luckily then in York, but of course on the *gentlemen's* side,) assisting me as mediator, when the Toy Shop began, Mr. Kemble of course was once more called upon before a large party: he claimed a hearing, without which he could not submit to be condemned; but if in the recital, any gentleman or set of gentlemen would assert in that character, that he had acted unworthily, he would willingly and cheerfully make any reparation they should judge proper, assuring himself, whatever they desired could not but be honourable and truly consistent with justice, and such as would become him to give, and them to accept. This hint of Mr. Kemble's was agreed to *nem. con.*

On permission from the audience to proceed, Mr. Kemble expatiated so properly, and yet with diffidence, on every point, that his judges were captivated—reason took place—he was acquitted with three cheers, "*Not Guilty!*"—and, I believe, had not one dissenting voice in the theatre.

This brush over, Mr. Kemble increased in fame and popularity. Early in May, 1779, Doctor Hunter, who has been indefatigable in plans for the public good at York, and to whom the community at large is indebted for that excellent institution, The York Lunatic Asylum, patronized a play for that laudable charity. To encourage the relief given at the theatre on this occasion, Mr. Kemble, at the desire of Dr. Hunter, wrote the prologue. The same month, Mr. Kemble wrote another prologue for the benefit of the Leeds Infirmary; both have great merit and elegance, and may be found in Mr. Kemble's Fugitive Pieces, printed at York in 1780.

The season at York closed on Saturday, May 10, 1779, with the Fair Penitent, in which Mr. Kemble played Lothario.

At this period Mr. and Mrs. Inchbald were engaged in the York company; and, if we may believe Tate Wilkinson, Mr. Kemble bowed at the lady's shrine, and felt her dazzling power—

And stood whole days and nights to gaze upon her.

This attachment, however, must be presumed to have been purely platonic. Mr. Inchbald died suddenly at Leeds, on the 6th of June, 1779; and, soon after his interment, Mr. Kemble wrote the following ode to his memory:

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. INCHBALD.

What time the weak-ey'd Owl, on twilight wing
 Slow borne, her vesper scream'd to eve, and rous'd
 The lazy wing of Bat
 With Beetle's sullen hum,
 Friendship, and she, the maid of pensive mien,
 Pale Melancholy, point my sorrowing steps
 To meditate the dead,
 And give my friend a tear.
 Here let me pause—and pay that tear I owe:
 Silent it trickles down my cheek, and drops
 Upon the recent sod
 That lightly clasps his heart.
 But ah! how vain!—Nor Flatt'ry's pow'r, nor Wealth's,
 Nor Friendship's tear, nor widow'd Anna's voice,
 Sweet as the harps of Heav'n,
 Can move the tyrant Death.
 Hence, ye impure!—for hark—around his grave
 The sisters chaste, the sisters whom he lov'd,
 In nine-fold cadence
 Chaunt immortal harmony.
 'Tis done—'tis done—The well-earn'd laurel spreads
 Its verdant foliage o'er his honour'd clay:
 Again the muses sing—
 Thalia's was the deed.
 Thou honest man, farewell!—I would not stain
 Thy worth with praise—yet not the bright-hair'd king,
 Who woos the rosy morn,
 And west'ring skirts the sky
 With ruddy gold and purple, e'er shall see
 Thy likeness—nor yon paly crescent call
 Her weeping dew to kiss
 A turf more lov'd than thine.

The widow Inchbald's benefit was on Monday, June 14, and very genteelly attended.—Her first appearance, after having been arrayed in her weeds, was as Hector's lovely widow, for the benefit of Mr. Kemble, on Monday, June 21, 1779.

In 1781, Mr. Kemble joined Mr. Daly's company in Dublin, where he made his first appearance in Hamlet, and was particularly noticed in his scene with the players. In the "Count of Narbonne," he acquired much fame, though it was the author's opinion, when applied to, that it was impossible for Mr. Daly to get it up; but he afterwards acknowledged, that the Count was better performed than it was in London by Mr. Farren.

In comedy Mr. Kemble was never successful: he performed Sir George Touchwood, when Mrs. Cowley's "Belle's Stratagem" was first represented in Dublin, but he discovered more *spirit* behind the scenes than on the stage; for one evening after the second act, the manager, who played Doricourt, told him, he must exert himself more, and desired he would take example after him. Such imperious conduct offended Kemble, who immediately changed his dress, and said, "I might get some one else to finish the part; nor did he resume the character till the manager begged his pardon. Though not so happy in comedy, he was remarkable for risibility, and (at this time especially) the most trifling incident would spoil his serious countenance in tragedy. During his first performance in Dublin of Mark Anthony (All for Love), he happened to look up, and perceiving a pedantic old figure, who was leaning over the upper box, with a *listening trumpet* to his ear, he began to smother a laugh. This, at first, appeared *agitation*, it having been the most pathetic scene of the play, where he was surrounded by his wife and children, (Octavia Mrs. Inchbald) but no longer able to contain himself, to the great astonishment of the audience, his laugh became loud and immoderate, and it was some time before he was able to finish the character.

In 1784, Mr. Kemble made his first appearance in London, at Drury-lane, in Hamlet, and was received with much applause. His conception was allowed to be great, and his execution adequate to his judgment. On the secession of Mr. King, in 1788, he was appointed stage manager, which situation he resigned in 1796, but which he for a short time after resumed. He endeavoured, during his management, to correct the present vitiated taste, by the revival of many excellent old pieces, in several of which he made judicious

alterations. In 1786, he produced a farce, called *The Projects*; in 1788, another called *The Pannel*, taken from the comedy of "It's well it's no worse;" and in 1789, *The Farm House*, taken from the "Custom of the Manor." He altered Mrs. Behn's comedy of *The Rover*, and called it "Love in many Masks," 1790; and he translated from the French a musical romance, called "*Lodoiska*," which was acted with great applause, in 1794, and continues still to be a favourite piece.

As an actor, Mr. Kemble ranks high in the theatre: he has been the entire support of many new pieces, particularly *Julia*, or the *Italian Lover*; *The Wheel of Fortune*; *The Stranger*; *Pizarro*, &c.; and to him several old pieces are indebted for preservation. In some of these he boasts of as much excellence as his predecessors; and though in others inferior,—(for he is not a *Garrick* in *Richard*, a *Macklin* in *Shylock*, a *Barry* in *Othello*, or a *Mossopt* in *Coriolanus* or *Zanga*),—his merit is sufficient to afford satisfaction. It has been observed, that there is more *art* than *nature* in his performance; but let it be remembered, that our best actors have always found *stage-trick* a necessary practice; and Mr. Kemble's *methodical* powers are so peculiar to himself, that every imitator (for there have been some who have endeavoured to copy his manners) has been ridiculous in the attempt. In short, we have no reason to complain of this gentleman's want of judgment, or ability to keep pace with that judgment, but when he deviates from a line of business in which at present he is unrivalled. He is possessed of the best dramatic library in Great Britain. The following anecdote is told of him:—While rehearsing his part in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and attempting his song, Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band, exclaimed, "Oh! sir, how shockingly you murder time!"—"If I do," replied Kemble, "I am not so merciless as you, who are always *beating* time."

Previous to the season of 1801, he refused to retain his situation of acting manager without he was invested with more power than before, which was accordingly promised: but after a few weeks, complaints arose among the performers of the non-payment of their salaries, and Mr. Kemble, of course, as did others, withdrew his services, and meditated an excursion to Paris. The conduct of the proprietors was, however, sufficiently exculpated by a trial in the court of chancery between them and Mr. Holland, the architect, respecting the building of the theatre and the adjacent parts; when

it was proved by Mr. Sheridan (who pleaded his own cause) and Mr. Peake, the treasurer, that a considerable sum had been expended on the building besides the sum stipulated; notwithstanding which, the theatre was still in an unfinished state. It was asserted by the defendant's counsel, that Mr. Grubb, one of the proprietors, was living in all the pomp of eastern grandeur; but this grandeur, if it could be so called, was known to be but mere *tinsel*. It was evident from the treasurer's account, that the money which had been laid out was for the *general* good of the theatre, and not for any *particular* purpose. The lord chancellor observed, that it was for the benefit of all parties that the theatre should remain open, and that the payment of the performers' salaries was a primary consideration, as it was from their exertions the proprietors, renters, &c. derived any emolument. By his lordship's interference, the differences between the proprietors and performers were amicably adjusted, and Mr. Kemble, Mr. Bannister, jun., Mr. Dowton, &c. resumed their respective situations.

In 1802-3, Mr. Kemble visited the continent, and passed a few months in the capitals of France and Spain. On his return in 1803, he purchased a sixth share in Covent-garden theatre, for which, it is said, he gave upwards of 20,000*l*. Hereupon he succeeded Mr. Lewis as acting manager, and made his first appearance on these boards early in the season in Hamlet.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

SIR,

As the anxiety of the public to hear more particularly of my revered uncle, Jehosaphat Shadow, has been so unequivocally manifested, I cannot, in common politeness, refuse a compliance. The following is an extract of a private letter, which I received from that meritorious character when I was honoured with his correspondence.

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"I was always of opinion, that Mr. Shakspeare never was the author of this line, notwithstanding all his other commentators have not scrupled to answer for its genuineness,

Shadows, my lord, beneath a soldier's meaning.

Our great ancestor, Adam Shadow, who was contemporaneous with Shakspeare, was so far from being beneath the notice of a soldier that he fought a score or two of duels with military officers. Never would he bear such an imputation on his courage; and I shrewdly suspect that some military gentleman, who had not the hardihood to meet him in open combat, adopted this mean artifice to interpolate a passage in the play of the deceased poet, which he had not the courage to avow in his own person. Nay, in order to put this question beyond all doubt, Mr. Shakspeare himself, afterwards says, and he meant to pay a compliment to Adam Shadow by so doing,

SHADOWS to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than could five thousand soldiers arm'd in proof.

Now those who assert that the first is not an interpolation, are driven to the absurdity of contending, that Mr. Shakspeare, in one instance, designed to represent Adam Shadow as too great a coward for a soldier's notice, and in the other as able to strike more terror than five thousand soldiers!!

"I do not think that the tragedy of Mr. Macbeth has been regarded by critics as it ought to be. I affirm then, upon the word of a critic, that Mr. Macbeth was a *tavern-keeper*, and indeed the most illustrious Boniface of modern times. When Mr. Macbeth's messenger announces to his wife that the king proposed to take up his lodgings at their house for the night, that prudent hostess exclaims

Thou'rt mad to say so!

Is not thy master with him?—who, were't so,
Would have INFORM'D FOR PREPARATION.

Like a worthy landlady, anxious for the honour of her house, she wished to treat her sovereign with the best provisions in the market. Pursuing this idea, when king Duncan enters, who exclaims "fair and honoured *hostess*," she, with arms folded, like a good and prudent housewife, answers,

All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house.

His majesty was highly gratified at this modest demeanor of the hostess, and delicately hints that a bed and supper would be no unseasonable part of the entertainment: in other words, he seems to say *ceremony is good—but solid pudding is better*. His words are

Fair and honoured HOSTESS,
We are your GUESTS to-night.

She replies with a modest courtesy—

Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure.

This is to be sure service dialect; but translated into plainer language it means—*Your majesty may call for whatever my house affords; you shall presently inspect the bill of fare: but you shall pay a swinging sum for it before you depart*. The king seems pleased with her frankness, and accepts the terms:

Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him—
By *your leave*, hostess.

The last line means more than is generally imagined. At some taverns it is one of the great perquisites of the traveller to kiss the bar-maid, a privilege which his majesty was not disposed to forego.

“In the ensuing scene the tavern-keeper and his lady hold a colloquy together. Mrs. Macbeth says

He has already supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Mr. Macbeth starts, and asks

Has he ask'd for me?

To which Mrs. Macbeth answers

Know you not, he has?—

This is a most beautiful touch of nature: Mrs. Macbeth seems to be busy in the management and regulation of her household concerns, and anxious that her husband should not leave the royal chamber—the king might wish to call for something more, and this would add another item to her bill.—Matters go on thus prosperously until morning, when one of the king's attendants inquires of the landlord "*Is the king stirring?*"—Mr. Macbeth, true to his character, replies "*Not yet.*" On being informed that the king desired to be awakened early, he offers to conduct the messenger to the door. His majesty, it seems, had informed Mr. Macbeth (no doubt for the purpose of having his horse ready in season) that he should depart the next day.—Now how great must have been the disappointment of this Boniface (I protest I can scarcely read the sequel without tears) when this honest man contemplating the departure of his majesty, and having his bill ready to present, and his wife prepared to swear to every item, receives intelligence that the king is murdered, and all their hopes of gain thus suddenly destroyed! Well might the landlady exclaim

Wo, alas!

What, IN OUR HOUSE?—

She thought it very unjust that a man should die in a tavern without paying for it: she foresaw that, in addition to her expected loss, she might be charged with the funeral expenses, and do as most subjects do when sovereigns are their debtors, *whistle for her money*.—The very next scene is a conversation between drunken porters, which is in some measure licensed in a tavern, because the landlord must comply with the whim of his guest—a line of conduct reprehensible elsewhere, and which, in any other circumstances, would have intitled a man to a warrant on a complaint formally made, on oath, to a justice of the peace. Another striking fact is, that Mr. Macbeth, notwithstanding his recent loss by king Duncan's bill, (for there is not the slightest intimation given that he was ever paid) invited a party to sup with him, at his own expense. When all the company were present, this honest man knew his place so well that, although he was the entertainer, he says

Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Here he incurred another clear loss, which has so affected me that I have oftentimes detected myself in putting my hand to my pocket

and inquiring of Mr. Macbeth the amount of his bill. These several losses of Mr. Macbeth form the basis of the interest I have in perusing this wonderful tragedy.—He invites Banquo, in the politest manner, to attend their supper:

This night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And shall request your presence.

Banquo himself pretended to accept of this cordial greeting; but while they were all indulging themselves, sends his ghost by way of proxy for himself—for no other purpose but to make a disturbance at such unwarrantable hours. No wonder that Mr. Macbeth was in such a passion:—he had given the supper, not as a tavern-keeper, but as a private man; he had a right to choose his own company, and the ghost was not invited to attend. He had already been duped of his bill by Duncan, who died, as we have already seen, without paying it; and he never had any kind of attachment to dead men, or to their ugly representatives afterwards. Banquo's ghost impudently enough takes Macbeth's seat, and amuses himself by making wry faces at the company."

SIMON SHADOW.

LOVE IN MANY MASKS.

It is difficult, in every period of life, to inspire a real passion: but it is easy to make most women conceive a momentary one. Many things contribute to this—a fine figure; the appearance of strength and vigor; the graces; wit, or the reputation of it; complaisance; and, often, a decided tone and light manners; ambitious ideas; and finally, interested views. With so many resources, it is almost impossible that every one should not find means to gratify his inclinations during his youth; but in a riper age it is necessary to fix the affections. If we will not renounce every species of gallantry, it is necessary to accustom ourselves early to the sweet habitude of living with one whom we love and esteem, without which we fall into the most gloomy apathy, or insupportable agitation. The habitude of which I speak is more agreeable and solid when founded upon the permanent affections of the mind; but this is not so absolutely necessary as not to be dispensed with. It is certain that the cares of a woman are always more agreeable to an old man than those of a relation or friend of his own sex; it seems

to be the wish and intention of nature that the two sexes should live and die together.

We become insensible of a settled habitude, and, as we do not perceive that a mistress grows old and becomes less handsome, we do not observe that her way of thinking becomes our own, and our reason subjected to hers, though sometimes less enlightened. We insensibly sacrifice our fortune to her; and this is a necessary consequence of the resignation we have made of our reason.

Men sometimes pass over the infidelities of women because they are not perfectly convinced of them, and that a blind confidence is a necessary consequence of their seduction: but if unfortunately they come to a knowledge of them, it is impossible for a man, sincerely attached to a woman, not to be susceptible of jealousy. This jealousy takes a tinge of the character of the person who is afflicted with it. The mild man becomes afflicted, falls ill, and dies, if a repentance, which he is always disposed to believe sincere, does not console him; the choleric man breaks out into rage, and, in the first moments, it is not known how far this may carry him: but men of this disposition are soonest appeased, and most frequently to be deceived.

Pecuniary interest should never be the basis of an amorous connexion; it renders it shameful, or at least suspicious: money, says Montaigne, being the source of concubinage. But when a tender union is well formed, interest like sentiment becomes common; every thing is mutual; and there is but one fortune for two sincere lovers. If they be equally honest, and incapable of making a bad use of it, this is just and natural; but frequently the complaisance of one makes him or her partake too much of the misfortunes of the other.

Love should never have any thing to do with affairs: it ought to live on pleasure only. But how is it possible to resist the solicitations of a beloved object, who, though she ought not to participate in affairs which she has not prudence or courage to manage; yet, having always, for a pretext, her interest in your reputation, welfare, and happiness, how is it possible to resist an amiable woman, who attacks with such weapons?

Some ladies have a real, others a borrowed reputation; that of the first is pure and unspotted, founded on the principles of religion, consequently the only genuine one; it belongs to women really attached to their duty, and who have never failed in the

least point of it, whether they have had the good fortune to love their husbands, who have returned their affection; or whether, by an act of virtue, they have been faithful to a man whom they have not loved, nor were beloved by. There is another reputation, unknown to religion, which delicate morality, although purely human, does not admit, but which the more indulgent world will sometimes accept as good: that founded upon the good choice of lovers, or rather of a lover, for multiplicity is always indecent. We are so disposed to think that each loves his likeness, that we judge of the character of men and women by those of their own sex with whom they have formed an intimacy, but infinitely more by the persons for whom they conceive a serious attachment. Many a man of wit has established the reputation of his mistress without composing madrigals for her; but by making known the passion with which she had inspired him; many a woman of merit has created or established the reputation of him whom she has adopted her chevalier. After all, it is more dangerous to solicit than to decline this kind of reputation: it happens more frequently that a man loses himself by making a bad choice, than he adds to his fame by making a good one.

If the public are indulgent to the attachments of simple individuals, they are much more so to those of kings and people in place, when they think them real, and do not suspect in them either ambition, intrigue, or motives of interest. All France approved of the love of Charles the Seventh for Agnes Sorel, because she had the courage to say to this prince, that unless he recovered his kingdom, he was not worthy of her affection. The Parisians applauded the love of Henry the Fourth for *la belle Gabrielle*, and sung with pleasure the songs this monarch made for her; because knowing her to be handsome, and of a good disposition, they imagined she would inspire the king with sentiments of benevolence.

Never did a woman love a man more sincerely than Madame de la Valliere loved Lewis the Fourteenth. She never quitted him but for God alone; and swelled with vanity as that monarch was, he could not complain of this rivalry; so much the less, as the Supreme Being had but the remains of the heart of his mistress, and perhaps never possessed it entirely.

I have heard an anecdote of Madame de la Valliere, which I do not remember to have seen in print. This lady was so modest

and possessed so little ambition, that she had never told the king she had a brother, much less had she ever asked any favour for him. He was still young, and had made his first campaign among the cadets of the king's household. Lewis the Fourteenth, reviewing his troops, saw his mistress smile in a friendly manner at a young man, who on his part bowed to her with an air of familiarity. In the evening, the king asked, in a severe and irritated tone of voice, who this young man was. Madame de la Valliere was at first confused, but afterwards told him it was her brother. The king, having assured himself of it, conferred distinguished favours upon the young gentleman, who was father of the first duke de la Valliere.

The king's intrigue with Madame de Montespan was not of a nature to be approved of so much as that he had with Madame de la Valliere; yet the nation did not complain, because it was thought the love of this lady procured the public magnificent feasts and elegant amusements. The following verses were a good deal sung at that time.

Ah! quelle est charmante
Notre aimable cour;
Sous le même tente
On voit tour à tour.

La gloire et l'amour,
Conquete brillante,
Et fête gallante,
Marquent chaque jour.

On the contrary, the public were a good deal disgusted with the amours of the king and Madame de Maintenon, although more decent, and that a secret marriage had rendered them legitimate. It was observed, that a love conceived when both parties were advanced in years afforded a ridiculous spectacle: moreover, Madame de Maintenon meddled with the affairs of government; and it was when she most interfered with them that things fell into decline, and that Lewis XIV. began to experience misfortunes, which were all laid to her charge.

When the duke of Orleans, who was regent, fell in love with Mademoiselle Sery, he was not censured on account of it. The dutchess of Orleans, natural daughter to the king, was rather beautiful, but she was not amiable; Mademoiselle de Sery, on the contrary, was very much so. She had a son, and it was predicted

of him, that he would one day become duke of Dunois. But he did not fulfil what was expected of him; yet he had wit, and was, in many respects, amiable.

In process of time the regent fell into such irregularities of conduct that the public were shocked at it. It was necessary for him to have many other brilliant and estimable qualities to be pardoned so great a defect; but people were so much disposed to indulgence for him, that his affection for Madame de Parabere was approved of, because it was supposed she really loved him, and that he loved her, although he was frequently unfaithful to her.

Exterior decency is generally admired, and princes and men of distinction ought to do nothing to disgust the public: but, right or wrong, it is but too true, that in the end the public assumes the authority of censuring, without delicacy, every fault. Wo to them who are the first objects of gross scandal; they become the victims of its rage; the public judges and punishes them for it; or at least hoots at, hisses, and despises them: but when the number of the guilty increases to a certain degree, it is found that, although hisses are sufficient to condemn bad pieces, they are not rods enough for those men who deserve to be lashed; they then become tolerated—nothing more is said—and, what is worse than all, a resolution is sometimes taken to imitate them. It must be acknowledged that the temptation to sin is very great, when we are sure to do it with impunity; and that people are made easy upon this head, when they are sheltered from reproach and ridicule.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

SIR,

ONE of the most common panegyrics bestowed upon men at this day, though it pass current with the world as denoting something valuable, to me conveys the idea of something emphatically worthless—"HE IS A MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF A MAN."—Now, sir, a long and not inattentive life of observation on mankind has filled me with the unalterable persuasion, that your "*mighty good kind of man*" is generally one of those moral nullities whose best qualities are of the mere negative kind. He does very little harm, perhaps; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and

virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "*dear sir,*" though he cares not a cent for any one but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "*dear sir,*" and ends with "*I am, good sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant.*"—You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "*yes,*" or a "*true, sir,*" or *you observe very right, sir,*" for every word that is said—which with the old gentry, who love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a *mighty sensible and discerning*, as well as a *mighty good kind of man*. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a settled habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about.—I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with "*what you say is very just,*" to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a *mighty good kind of man*, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or it may not blow at all; it may be east, west, north or south, south-east and by east, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a *mighty good kind of man*. He is so civil and well bred that he could keep you standing half an hour uncovered in the rain rather than step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips till he had drank the health of half the company; and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about with him for that purpose. This is

sure of recommending him to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a *mighty good kind of man*, but she is sure he would make a *mighty good kind of husband*.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend is a *mighty good kind of man*. I had the honour of taking a long walk lately with one of these good creatures; and I believe he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "*how do you do, my dear sir?*" though I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion and *another MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF MAN*, that we met in the course of our walk. You would have thought they were brothers, that had not seen each other for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together; not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently crying "yes," together, and "very true,"—"you are very right, my dear sir;" and, at last having exhausted their favourite topics of what news and the weather, they concluded with begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember at school we had a *mighty good kind of boy*, who, though he was generally hated by his school-fellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded; as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse: and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at meal time; was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts; and he was happy beyond measure in being acquainted with some of the heads of the houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned at college to be a Newton, a Locke, a Burke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part to be a *mighty good kind of young man*;

and this even, placid turn of mind has since recommended him to some small preferments.

We may observe, when these *mighty good kind of young men* come into the world, their attention to appearance and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than either their abilities or their merits could otherwise intitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, is reckoned quite pious and discrete, is consulted upon all occasions by his neighbours, and is said to be a very sensible as well as a *mighty good kind of man*.—If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a *mighty good kind of man*, will make the attorneys supply him with special pleading, or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law.

I must own, that a **GOOD MAN** and a **MAN OF SENSE** certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has: yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliance of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shows it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of a man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens that these *mighty good kind of men* are wolves in sheep's clothing, and that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short sighted and unwary.—Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants.

SENEX.

ROUSSEAU.

THE following satire, perhaps less just than severe, upon Monsieur Rousseau, author of the *Nouvelle Eloise*, was written in the shape of a prophecy, and published at Geneva, in the year 1761, by Voltaire.

In those days there will appear in France a very extraordinary person to come from the banks of a lake. He will say to the people, I am possessed by the demon of enthusiasm; I have received from heaven the gift of inconsistency: and the multitude shall run after him, and many shall believe in him; and he shall say unto them, ye are all villains and rascals; your women are all prostitutes; and I am come to live amongst you: and he will take advantage of the natural levity of this country to abuse the people: and he will add, all the men are virtuous in the country where I was born, and I will not stay in the country where I was born: and he will maintain, that the sciences and the arts must necessarily corrupt our morals; and he will treat of all sorts of sciences and arts; and he will maintain, that the theatre is a source of prostitution and corruption, and he will compose operas and plays. He will publish, that there is no virtue but among the savages, though he never was among them: he will advise mankind to go stark naked; and he will wear laced clothes when given him. He will employ his time in copying French music, and he will tell you there is no French music. He will tell you, that it is impossible to preserve your morals if you read romances; and he will compose a romance, and in this romance shall be seen vice in deeds, and virtue in words, and the actors in it shall be mad with love and with philosophy; and in this romance we shall learn how to seduce a young girl philosophically: and the disciple shall lose all shame and all modesty: and she shall practise folly, and raise maxims with her master; and she shall be the first to give him a kiss on the lips, and she shall invite him to lie with her, and she shall become pregnant with metaphysics; and his love letters shall be philosophical homilies. And he shall get drunk with an English nobleman, who shall insult him, and he shall challenge him to fight: and his mistress, who hath lost the honour of her own sex, shall decide with regard to that of men; and she shall teach her masters who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight. And he shall go to Paris, where he shall be introduced to some ladies

of pleasure; and he shall get drunk like a fool, and lie with these women of the town; and he shall write an account of this adventure to his mistress, and she shall thank him for it. The man who shall marry his mistress shall know that she is loved to distraction by another; and this good man, notwithstanding, shall be an atheist; and immediately after the marriage, his wife shall find herself happy, and shall write to her lover that, if she were again at liberty, she would wed her husband rather than him. And the philosopher shall have a mind to kill himself, and shall compose a long dissertation to prove that a lover ought always to kill himself when he has lost his mistress: and her husband shall prove to him that it is not worth his while, and he shall not kill himself. Then he shall set out to make the tour of the world, in order to allow time for the children of his mistress to grow up, and that he may get to Switzerland time enough to be their preceptor, and to teach them virtue as he had done their mother. And he shall see nothing in the tour of the world, and he shall return to Europe: and when he shall be arrived there, they shall still love one another with transport, and they shall squeeze each other's hands and weep.—And this fine lover, being in a boat alone with his mistress, shall have a mind to throw her into the water, and himself along with her; and all this they shall call philosophy and virtue; and they shall talk so much of philosophy and virtue, that nobody shall know what philosophy and virtue is. And the mistress of the philosopher shall have a few trees and a rivulet in her garden, and she shall call that her elysium; and nobody shall be able to comprehend what that elysium is; and every day she shall feed sparrows in her garden; and she shall watch her both males and females, to prevent their playing the same foolish prank that she herself had played; and she shall sup in the midst of her harvest people; and she shall cut hemp with them, having her lover at her side; and the philosopher shall be desirous of cutting hemp the day after, and the day after that, and all the days of his life: and she shall be a pedant in every word she says, and all the rest of her sex shall be contemptible in her eyes; and she shall die—and before she dies, she shall preach according to custom; and she shall talk incessantly, till her strength fails her; and she shall dress herself out like a coquet, and die like a saint.

The author of this book, like those empirics who make wounds on purpose, in order to show the virtue of their balsams, poisons

our souls for the glory of curing them; and this poison will act violently on the understanding, and on the heart; and the antidote will operate only on the understanding, and the poison will triumph; and he will boast of having opened a gulf, and he will think that he saves himself from all blame, by crying woe to the young girls who shall fall into it; I have warned them against it in my preface; and young girls never read a preface: and he will say, by way of excuse for his having written a book which inspires vice, that he lives in an age wherein it is impossible to be good; and, to justify himself, he will slander the whole world, and threaten with his contempt all those who do not like his book. And every body shall wonder how, with a soul so pure and virtuous, he could compose a book which is so much the reverse; and many who believed in him shall believe in him no more.

PUBLIC CREDULITY.

A gentleman having ruined himself by extravagance, turned quack to retrieve it.—He first attempted to practise at Paris, but being disappointed there, directed his views to the provinces. He arrived at Lyons, and announced himself as the celebrated Doctor Montaccini, who can restore the dead to life, and declared that in fifteen days he would go to the public church-yard, and excite a *general resurrection!*

This declaration excited general murmurs against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrates, and desired that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform the undertaking. This proposition inspired perfect confidence, and the whole city came to consult the Doctor, and purchase his *beaume de vie*.

As the period for the performance of this miracle approached, the anxiety among the inhabitants of Lyons increased. At length he received the following letter from a rich citizen:—

“The great operation, doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself.”

In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, and with the utmost earnestness entreated the doctor not to revive their old

father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as by such an event they should be reduced to the utmost indigence. They offered him the fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the doctor's feet, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy. In a word, from morning to night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were so variously and violently agitated, some by fear, others by curiosity, that the chief magistrate waited upon this wonderful physician, and thus addressed him:—

“Sir, from my experience of your rare talents, I have not the least doubt of your ability to accomplish the resurrection in our church-yard, the day after to-morrow, according to your promise: but I pray you to observe, that our city is in the utmost confusion, the uproar is universal, and I entreat you to consider the dreadful revolution which the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I therefore farther entreat you not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the citizens. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, sanctioned by our great seal, that you can revive the dead, and that it was our own faults that we were not eye-witnesses of your power.”

The certificate was sealed, signed, and delivered; and Doctor Montaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time, he made his appearance in Paris, loaded with gold, laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady, who was a downright *charlatan* in love, assisted in reducing him to poverty; but by another provincial tour, he acquired another fortune.

SOCIAL ANIMALS.

DURING my abode in Paris, in my youth, there was a lady who, by perseverance and the force of instruction, had taught a dog, a cat, a sparrow, and a mouse, to live together like brothers and sisters.—I do not pretend to say that they were cordial in their affections; but these four animals slept on the same bed, and ate out of the same plate. The dog, it is true, helped himself first, and

took the largest share; but he did not forget the cat, who also had the civility to leave some delicate bits for the mouse, as well as some crumbs of bread for the sparrow, which its comrades did not grudge it.

After the repast the dance commenced. The dog licked the cat, and the cat fleeced the dog. The mouse played with the paws of the cat, who was taught to draw in her nails, and let the mouse only feel the velvet of her feet. As for the sparrow, he flew about, and sometimes pecked one, and sometimes another, without having the smallest feather displaced. In short, there was so strict a union among the members of this fraternity, their habits were so much alike, and they had so much confidence in the good faith of each other, that there never was the least suspicion or ill conduct among them. It is impossible to say which was the most wonderful, the docility of the animals, or the industry of their mistress, who, with such talents for conciliating discordant inclinations, and opposite interests, would have cut an excellent figure at the Diet of Ratisbon.

MR. WHITFIELD'S ELOQUENCE.

MR. WHITFIELD'S eloquence was of a peculiar cast, and well adapted to his auditory, as his figures were drawn from sources within the reach of their understanding, and frequently from the circumstances of the moment. The application was often very happy, and sometimes rose to the true sublime; for he was a man of warm imagination, and not wholly devoid of taste. On his first visit to Scotland, he was received in Edinburgh with a kind of frantic joy by a large body of the citizens. An unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was to be executed the day after his arrival. Mr. Whitfield mingled with the throng, and seemed highly pleased with the solemnity and decorum with which the most awful scene in human nature was conducted. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day, being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women, and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of

you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying with the unhappy man than in attending him to the fatal tree; and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion: but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake.—I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased therewith. It has given me a very favourable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenance, and reflected the greatest credit on your hearts; particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow creature was to close his eyes on this world forever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside, and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance.—How different was this, when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expression, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink; not one of them all that witnessed his pains turned the head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, there was one—that glorious luminary (*pointing to the sun,*) veiled his bright face, and sailed on in tenfold night.”

LINES WRITTEN IN Mrs. GRELAUD'S ACADEMY.

A gentleman of this city, going in September last to visit Mrs. Grelaud's academy, at Germantown, and finding himself alone, in consequence of the family having gone to the Wisahicken falls, took a pen he found on a desk in the school-room, and wrote the following lines, which he left behind him for the perusal of the young ladies on their return.

REFLECT! ye roseate, radiant, giddy fair,
Who daily sullen to this desk repair,
To various tasks reluctantly assign'd,
And term it cruel to be thus confin'd,
Reflect! what ties caressing parents break,
By duty forc'd the sacrifice to make;
Who mind nor cost, nor trouble, nor distress,
Bent to promote their daughters' happiness.
Reflect! how secret sorrow burst in sighs,
And glist'ning tear-drops trembled in their eyes,

When they were forc'd departing pangs to bear,
 And yield their darling to another's care.
 Struggling each sweet endearment they withstood,
 In resignation for your future good;
 Your parents' fond solicitude repay,
 Nor frown nor prattle precious time away.
 Reflect! that learning will confer the pow'r
 At will t' illuminate the gloomy hour.
 Wisdom's a treasure of exhaustless joy,
 Which thieves can't rob, and fortune can't destroy;
 'Tis self-replenish'd as you daily use,
 A gift from heaven, like the widow's cruise;*
 'Tis a rich fountain, flowing without end,
 In company a zest, in solitude a friend.
 Reflect! how every acquisition here
 Fits you for woman's most important sphere:
 To scatter roses o'er the path of life,
 And bless a husband with a virtuous wife.
 Reflect! from you the infant mind in turn
 Must goodness, knowledge, and affection learn;
 Pleasure round social circles to create,
 Perhaps by wisdom to uphold the state.
 But why to distant prospects turn your eager eyes,
 Why raise exertions by a selfish prize?
 Sure 't were an ample stimulus to know
 That you domestic happiness bestow:
 For as each day you more and more improve,
 You cause the transports of parental love.
 Enchanting thought! languor is put to flight,
 And each is emulous to give delight;
 Noble emotions every task beguile,
 Each bosom pants t' excite a parent's smile.
 Cornelia, when requested to display
 Her richest jewels, whil'd the time away
 Until her children from the school repair,
 Their mother's precepts and her kiss to share;
 And then with exultation she replied,
 "Behold my greatest ornaments and pride!"†
 Oh! may your merits, thus inspir'd, impart
 An equal triumph to a parent's heart.

* 1 Kings, x. 10.

† Ecce hæc mea ornamenta sunt.

LOGIC, OR THE ART OF REASONING.

Logic, or (as it may be called) the art of disputing sophistically, makes a considerable part of our academical education: yet Gassendus, who was a very great *reasoner*, has attempted to prove that it is, in truth, neither necessary nor useful. He thinks that reason, or innate force and energy of understanding, is sufficient of itself; that its own *natural* movements, without any discipline from *art*, are equal to the investigation and settling of truth; that it no more wants the assistance of logic, to conduct to this, than the eye wants a lanthorn to enable it to see the sun; and however he might admit as curious, he would doubtless reject as useless, all such productions as Quillet's *Callipædia*, Thevenot on the *Art of Swimming*, or Borelli de *Motu Animalium*; upon the firmest persuasion that the innate force and energy of nature, when instinct honestly does her best, is sure to attain those several objects, without any didactic rules or precepts.

If logic, therefore, be not necessary, it is probably of no great use; and it has been deemed not only an impertinent but a pernicious science.—“Logic,” says lord Bacon, “is usually taught too early in life. That minds, raw and unfurnished with matter, should begin their cultivation from such a science, is just like learning to weigh or measure the wind. Hence, what in young men should be manly reasoning, often degenerates into ridiculous affectation and childish sophistry. Certainly where materials are wanting, the dispute must run altogether upon words; and the whole will be conducted with the slight and legerdmain of sophistry.” We have a pleasant instance upon record of this school errantry—this trick of seeming to prove something, when in reality you prove nothing. A countryman, for the entertainment of his son when returned from the university, ordered six eggs to be boiled: two for him, two for his mother, and two for himself:—but the son, itching to give a specimen of his newly acquired science, boiled only three. To the father, asking the reason of this, “*why*,” says the son, “*there are six*.” “How so?” says the father, “I can make but three.”—“No!” replies the young sophister, “*is not here one? (counting them out) is not there two? and is not there three? and do not one, two and three make six?*”—“Well, then,” says the father, “I’ll take *two*, your mother shall have *one*, and you shall have the other three!”

Many appearances may tempt one to suspect that the understanding, disciplined by logic, is not so competent for the investigation of truth as if left to its natural operations. "A man of wit," says Boyle, "who applies himself long and closely to logic, seldom fails of becoming a caviller;* and by his sophistical subtilties perplexes and embroils the very theses he hath defended. He chooses to destroy his own work rather than forbear disputing; and he starts such objections against his own opinions, that his whole art cannot solve them. Such is the fate of those who apply themselves too much to the subtilties of dialectics."—This is the opinion of Boyle, who probably knew, from feeling and experience, the truth of what he said: for he was a very great logician, as well as a very great sceptic.

Our memorable Chillingworth is another instance to prove that logic, instead of assisting, may possibly obstruct and hurt the understanding. "Chillingworth," says lord Clarendon, who knew him well, "was a man of great subtilty of understanding, and had spent all his younger time in disputation; of which he arrived to so great a mastery as not to be inferior to any man in those skirmishes: but he had, with his notable perfection in this exercise, contracted such an irresolution and habit of doubting, that by degrees he grew confident in nothing, and a sceptic in the greatest mysteries of faith. All his doubts grew out of himself, when he assisted his scruples with the strength of his own reason, and was then too hard for himself."

To conclude. What was the meaning of that stricture upon Seneca, *Verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera*, which, according to lord Bacon, may thus be applied to the schoolmen—*Questionum minutii scilitigiosa subtilitas*, as he calls it, by their logical refinements and distinctions, they had chopped truth so down into

* These SYLLOGISTICI are terrible company to men in general, and fit only for one another. With them you cannot be said to have conversation, but altercation rather; for there is something so captious and litigious in their spirit, that they draw every, the most trifling thing that can be started into a dispute. Before such you must not expect to talk at ease; that ease and indolence, which make a man careless about both ideas and language: no, you must be wary and correct; you must be always upon the defensive; and must keep as perpetual guard as you would over your purse were a pickpocket in the room.

mincemeat, as to leave it not only without proportion or form, but almost without substance.

AN AFRICAN'S OPINION OF DUELLING.

IN the most brilliant periods of the reign of Lewis XIV., two African youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the court of France, the king was so struck with the native dignity of their manners, that he appointed a jesuit to instruct them in letters and in the principles of christianity; when properly qualified, his majesty gave to each a commission in the guards. The eldest, who was remarkable for his docility and candour, made a considerable progress in learning, as well as in the doctrine of the christian religion, which he admired for the purity of its moral precepts, and the good will that it recommended to all mankind. A brutal officer, upon some trifling dispute, struck him. The youth saw that it was the result of passion, and did not resent it. A brother officer, who witnessed the insult, took an opportunity of talking to him on his behaviour, which he did not hesitate to tell him, as a friend, was too tame, especially for a soldier. "Is there," said the young negro, "one religion for soldiers, and another for gownmen and merchants? The good father, to whom I am indebted for my instructions, has, above all things, earnestly recommended the forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries, assuring me that it was the very characteristic of a christian to love even his enemy, and by no means to retaliate an offence of any kind."

"The lessons which the good father gave you," said the friend, "may fit you for a monastery, but they will not qualify you either for the court or the army: in a word, if you do not call the colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamous name of a coward, and avoided by every man of *honour*; and what is more, your commission will be forfeited."

"I would fain," answered the young man, "act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour, which you have always shown, I will endeavour to wipe off so foul a stain, though I must confess I gloried in it before." In consequence of which he immediately sent a challenge by his friend to the aggressor to meet him early next morning. They met, and fought; the brave African disarmed his antagonist; the next day he

threw up his commission, and requested the royal permission to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend, with tears in his eyes, saying, he did not imagine that the christians were such unaccountable persons, and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their conduct. "In my country," said he, "we think it no dishonour to act up to the principles of our religion."

TRIFLES LEAD TO SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES.

It is curious to observe from what trifling accidents the most important occurrences sometimes arise; but for the following rather ludicrous circumstance, it is not improbable that Newton might have remained a dunce all his life, and the world lost its most enlightened philosopher.

"Sir Isaac used to relate that he was very negligent at school, and very low in it, till the boy above him gave him a kick in the belly, which put him to a great deal of pain. Not content with having thrashed his adversary, sir Isaac could not rest till he had got before him in the school, and from that time he continued rising till he was the head boy."

As every thing connected with the name of this wonderful man must be interesting, we offer no apology to our readers for extracting the following information.

"Sir Isaac lived in London ever since the year 1696, when he was made Warden of the Mint. Nobody ever lived with him but my wife, who was with him near twenty years before and after her marriage. He always lived in a very handsome generous manner, though without ostentation or vanity; always hospitable, and, upon proper occasions, gave splendid entertainments. He was generous and charitable without bounds. He used to say, that they who gave away nothing till they died, never gave; which, perhaps, was one reason why he did not make a will. I believe no man of his circumstances ever gave away so much during his lifetime in alms, in encouraging ingenuity and learning, and to his relations, nor upon all occasions showed a greater contempt of his own money, nor a more scrupulous frugality of that which belonged to the public, or to any society he was entrusted for. He refused pensions and additional employments that were offered him, and was highly honour-

ed and respected in all reigns, and under all administrations, even by those he opposed; for in every station he showed an inflexible attachment to the cause of liberty and our present happy establishment.

“Notwithstanding the extraordinary honours that were paid him, he had so humble an opinion of himself, that he had no relish of the applause which was so deservedly paid him; and he was so little vain of his works, that he, as it is well known, would have let others run away with the glory of those inventions which have done so much honour to human nature, if his friends and countrymen had not been more jealous of his and their glory. He was exceedingly courteous and affable, even to the lowest; and never despised any man for want of capacity, but always expressed freely his resentment against any immorality or impiety. He not only showed a great and constant regard for religion in general, as well by an exemplary course of life as in all his writings, but was also a firm believer of revealed religion, which appears by the many papers he has left on that subject; but his notion of the christian religion was not founded on a narrow bottom, nor his charity and morality so scanty, as to show a coldness to those who thought otherwise than he did, in matters indifferent; much less to admit of persecution, of which he always expressed the strongest abhorrence and detestation. He had such a meekness and sweetness of temper, that a melancholy story would often draw tears from him, and he was exceedingly shocked at any act of cruelty to man or beast; an innate modesty and simplicity showed itself in all his actions and expressions. His whole life was one continued series of labour, patience, charity, generosity, temperance, piety, goodness, and all other virtues, without a mixture of any vice whatsoever.”

Of sir Isaac's amusements while a lad, the following relation from a letter by Dr. Stukely, now first published in a complete state, presents a minute and very interesting picture.

“A new wind-mill was set up near Grantham, in the way to Gunnerby, which is now demolished, this country chiefly using water-mills. Our lad's imitating spirit was soon excited; and by frequently prying into the fabric of it, as they were making it, he became master enough to make a perfect model thereof, and it was said to be as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original. This he would sometimes set upon the house top, where

he lodged, and, clothing it with sail-cloth, the wind would readily turn it; but what was most extraordinary in its composition was, that he put a mouse into it which he called the miller, and that the mouse made the mill turn round when he pleased; and he would joke too upon the miller eating the corn that was put in. Some say that he tied a string to the mouse's tail, which was put into a wheel, like that of a turnspit dog's, so that pulling the string made the mouse go forward by way of resistance, and this turned the mill. Others suppose there was some corn placed above the wheel; this the mouse endeavouring to get to made it turn.—Moreover, sir Isaac's water-clock is much talked of. This he made out of a box he begged of Mr. Clarke, his landlord's wife's brother. As described to me, it resembled pretty much our common clocks and clock eases, but less; for it was not above four feet in height, and of a proportionable breadth. There was a dial plate at the top, with figures of the hours. The index was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care every morning to supply it with its proper quantity of water; and the family upon occasion would go to see what was the hour by it. It was left in the house long after he went away to the university.

“ These fancies sometimes engrossed so much of his thoughts, that he was apt to neglect his book, and dull boys were now and then put over him in form. But this made him redouble his exertions to overtake them; and such was his capacity, that he could soon do it, and outstrip them when he pleased; and it was taken notice of by his master. Still nothing could induce him to lay by his mechanical experiments: but all holidays, and what time the boys had allowed to play, he spent entirely in knocking and hammering in his lodging room, pursuing that strong bent of his inclinations, not only in things serious, but ludicrous too, and what would please his schoolfellows as well as himself; yet it was in order to bring them off from trifling sports, and teach them, as we may call it, to play philosophically, and in which he might be willing to bear a part; and he was particularly ingenious at inventing diversions for them above the vulgar kind, as for instance, in making paper kites, which he first introduced here. He took pains, they say, in finding out their proportions and figures, and whereabouts the strings should be fastened to the greatest advantage. He

likewise first made lanterns of paper crimped, which he used to go to school by, in winter mornings, with a candle, and tied them to the tails of the kites in a dark night, which at first affrighted the country people exceedingly, thinking they were comets. It is thought that he first invented this method, but I cannot tell how true.— They tell us too how diligent he was in observing the motion of the sun, especially in the yard of the house where he lived, against the walls and roofs, wherein he would drive pegs to mark the hours and half hours made by the shade,* which by degrees, from some years' observations, he made very exact, and any body knew what o'clock it was by Isaac's dial, as they ordinarily called it. Thus, in his youngest years, did that immense genius discover his sublime imagination, that since has fitted or rather comprehended the world.

“ The lad was not only very expert with his mechanical tools, but he was equally so with his pen: for he busied himself very much in drawing, which I suppose he learnt from his own inclination and observation of nature. By inquiry, I was informed that one old Bartley (as he was called) was his writing master, who lived where now is the Mill-stone alehouse in Castle-street; but they don't remember that he (Bartley) had any knack in drawing. However, by these means, sir Isaac furnished his whole room with pictures of his own making, which probably he copied from prints as well as from life. They mention several of the heads, Dr. Donne, and likewise his master Stokes. Under the picture of king Charles I. he wrote these verses, which I had from Mrs. Vincent by memory, who fancies he made them. If that be true, it is most probable he designed the print also, which is common to this day:

“ A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
Three crowns distinguish'd here in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view.
Earth's crown, thus at my feet, I can disdain,
Which heavy is, and at the best but vain;
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet;
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet.
The crown of glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.”

* Several of these dials are to be seen on the wall of the manor house, at Wolsthorpe.

These pictures he made frames to himself, and coloured them over in a workmanlike manner.

“ Mrs. Vincent is a widow gentlewoman living here, aged 82. Her maiden name was Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician, of Buckminster, near Colsterworth. Her mother was second wife to Mr. Clark, the apothecary, where sir Isaac lodged; so that she lived with him in the same house all the time of his being at Grantham, which was about seven years. Her mother and sir Isaac’s mother were intimately acquainted, which was the reason of his lodging at Mr. Clark’s. She gave me much of the foregoing account. She says, sir Isaac was always a sober, silent, thinking lad, and was never known scarce to play with the boys abroad at their silly amusements; but would rather choose to be at home, even among the girls; and would frequently make little tables, cupboards, and other utensils, for her and her playfellows to set their babies and trinkets on. She mentions likewise a cart he made with four wheels, wherein he would sit, and, by turping a windlass, he could make it carry him round the house where he pleased. Sir Isaac and she being thus brought up together, it is said that he entertained a love for her, nor does she deny it: but her portion not being considerable, and he being a fellow of a college, it was incompatible with his fortunes to marry; perhaps his studies too. It is certain he had a kindness for her, visited her whenever in the country, in both her husband’s days, and gave her forty shillings upon a time, whenever it was of service to her. She is a little woman, but we may with ease discern that she has been very handsome.

“ Mr. Clark tells me, that the room where sir Isaac lodged was his lodging room too when a lad, and that the wall was still full of the drawings sir Isaac had made upon it with charcoal, and so remained till pulled down, about sixteen years ago, as I said before. There were birds, men, ships, and mathematical schemes, and very well designed.

“ We must understand all this while that his mother had left Wolsthorp, and lived with her second husband at North Witham. But upon his death, after she had three children by him, she returned to her own house, which likewise it ought to be remembered was rebuilt by him. She, upon this, was for saving expenses as much as she could, and recalled her son Isaac from school, intending to make him serviceable in managing of the farm and country

business at Wolsthorp, and I doubt not but she thought it would turn more to his account than being a scholar. Accordingly we must suppose him attending the tillage, grazing, and the like. And they tell that us that he frequently came on Saturdays to Grantham market with corn and other commodities to sell, and to carry home what necessaries were proper to be bought at a market town for a family; but being young, his mother usually sent a trusty old servant along with him, to put him into the way of business. Their inn was at the Saracen's head in Westgate, where, as soon as they had put up their horses, Isaac generally left the man to manage the marketings, and retired instantly to Mr. Clark's garret, where he used to lodge, near where lay a parcel of old books of Mr. Clark's, which he entertained himself with till it was time to go home again; or else he would stop by the way between home and Grantham, and lie under a hedge studying, whilst the man went to town and did the business, and called for him in his return. No doubt the man made remonstrances of this to his mother. Likewise, when at home, if his mother ordered him into the fields to look after the sheep, the corn, or upon any other rural employment, it went on very heavily through his manage. His chief delight was to sit under a tree with a book in his hand, or to busy himself with his knife in cutting wood for models of somewhat or other that struck his fancy; or he would get to a stream, and make mill wheels."

Though it is impossible to raise the character of sir Isaac Newton by any information that may be collected concerning him, yet it is always desirable to know under what circumstances great men have risen to eminence, and how far their employments in early life may have given that bias to their future pursuits which has immortalized their name, and endeared their memory to posterity.

CEREMONY.

Is an excellent work in French, intitled *Institutions Politiques*, the author, baron Reilfield, employs a whole chapter in treating at large of the ceremonials observed by the different sovereigns and courts, and of those which each court had adopted for itself in particular. While he admits the necessity and use of ceremony among people of different ranks, our author justly ridicules the making them matters of such importance as they are at some courts in Eu-

rope. With this view he cites a pleasant, though it proved in the end a tragical, example of the formality which the Spaniards at one time tenaciously observed in this respect.

"As Philip the Third was one day sitting gravely by the fire, on which the fuel had been thrown in too great a quantity, he found himself in danger of being stifled with heat. It was, however, beneath the dignity of his majesty to rise and call any one to his relief; and as the officers in waiting were absent, and no domestic durst enter the apartment, he sat broiling a considerable time, till the marquis de Polar came up, whom the king ordered to put out the fire; but the marquis excused himself, as according to the etiquette or ceremonial of the court, he should therein invade the province of the duke of Useda, whom it was necessary to call for that purpose. The duke was absent, the fire increased, and the king, rather than derogate from his dignity, kept his seat till his blood was inflamed to such a degree that an Erysipelas broke out the next day on his head, attended with a fever that carried him off in the twenty-fourth year of his age."

This anecdote appeared to me too ludicrous and irrational to be true. Upon investigating the matter, however, I find it confirmed by the most authentic historical evidence. The king is stated to have been in council at the time; and complained of the disagreeable smell emitted by the brazier which warmed the room, in consequence of the excessive heat. No one, however, would venture to remove it, as he whose office it was to attend the fire was absent, and his majesty would not budge a foot. E. M. T.

ADMIRAL PASLEY.

WHEN this gallant admiral, whose leg was taken off by a cannon shot, was carrying down to the cockpit, one of the tars met him, and hoped he had not lost his foot, he said, "I have, Jack; but take care, don't you lose my flag before I come up again."

DEAD ALIVE.

A captain Christie, an Irish officer of excellent military reputation, happened at a great battle, in the revolutionary war of this country, to be dreadfully wounded. While he lay on the ground, he heard a soldier, who was severely wounded also, howling terribly

at some little distance from him. Angered partly by such an untimely disturbance of him, and partly by the fellow's want of fortitude, he exclaimed,—“ You soldier! I say: d——n your eyes what do you make such a noise for?—Do you think nobody is killed but yourself?”

AN EPISTLE TO WALTER SCOTT.

Written at Pittsburgh, during the sitting of the term, by H. H. Brackenridge, Sept. 9th, 1811;
on reading “THE LADY OF THE LAKE,”—Taken up by chance.

FULL many a rounded year has cast
A shade upon the period past,
Since Scotia on maternal lap
Received me. There, upon the map,
I see Kintyre;* there was I born.
Hard fate to be so rudely torn
By poverty and need of change,
Away to this a foreign range,
With parents whom Culloden muir
And other troubles had made poor.
But early mem'ry paints me well
The Bellivola† hill and dale;
The bracken green; the heather blue,
And gowan of a golden hue;
And though se-join'd by length of wave,
I feel a charm some fairy gave
To bind me to my natal soil,
And think upon that distant isle,
Where every charm of verse is found
To make it an enchanted ground.
For most the ballad and the rhyme
Impart a charm to every clime;
And not the deeds that men have done
So much the listening ear has won,
As magic of that art divine,
Which springs from the harmonious nine.
Oh give me BURNS; oh give me SCOTT;
I want no more, when these I've got,
To make a rock of any sea
Immortal by such minstrelsy.

Who now will ask, where are the nine,
That sang the tale of Troy divine;

* A peninsula in the north.

† Farm.

Or later, in Italian day,
Gave to the Mantuan his lay?
These fairy footsteps here I trace
On lands from whence have sprung my race.
Their liquid voices audible
Are heard by Frith or limpid rill;
On shadowy bend unknown before
But by traditionary lore.
Who would have thought that Thule's isle
Would be the seat of song erewhile;
And lyric fire, and epic swell,
Come with Apollo here to dwell.

Ah me! that cannot nearer be
To hear such native melody!
To see the hand that strikes the lyre;
And eye that sparkles with such fire;
To tell the bard what note more dear
I find among the sounds I hear;
What minstrelsy; what happy strain,
I wish him to begin again:
What other chieftain here him sing;
What battle on his chord to ring;
To bid him change from joy to grief;
From grief to joy, and give relief.
These are the pleasures of the near
Indulgence of the favoured ear:
My stand, alas! is not hard by,
But distant in a western sky;
Where by Ohio's stream my pen
Gives image to a sort of strain,
Which feeling prompts, but Genius none,
So gifted to a favourite son.
My gift is only to admire;
In madness I attempt the lyre,
At hearing this celestial sound
From Scotia's hills and distant bound.
Of this I dream, and when awake,
I read the *LADY OF THE LAKE*;
Or throw it by to gain the power
Of sense and motion for an hour;
For such excess too long to bear
Incapable our natures are;
And the delirium must have stay,
Or springs of human frame give way.
Here silly hills, and untaught wood,
Because a little of that blood,

Address me, or I think address
 The lonely weeping wilderness—
 Have you not something of that vein,
 A little of the minstrel strain,
 To give us also here a name,
 And taste of an immortal fame?
 Ah! lonely bowers, in vain your tears;
 For though residing twenty years,
 You gave me west winds and soft shade:
 Yet such return cannot be made;
 Sweet waters, you must trickle on,
 Till some more favour'd muse's son
 Shall sing of you like WALTER SCOTT,
 And to immortal change your lot!
 Through many ages cast your glance;
 Perhaps a thousand years at once;
 A lesser time will be too soon
 For nature to dispense such boon;
 As comets centuries require
 To pass off and recruit their fire.
 Who knows but this epistle may
 To you attract a poet's lay;
 To put in verse some height, some stream
 Just incidental in his theme.
 Oh! might my name of Bracken born,
 Some ridge where infant lay forlorn,
 Or peasant built his hamlet drear,
 Attain the sanctity to hear
 It nam'd in one immortal line,
 Which turns a harsh word to divine!
 But this too much; I cannot claim
 The meed of such advance to fame;
 So far secluded from my race,
 And cut off from romantic base.
 It can't be said that such a dale
 Where deeds were done, is where I dwell;
 Or that I vegetate among
 The hills which once were hills of song.
 Here, neighbouring to the savage tread,
 Inglorious I must bend my head,
 And think of something else than fame;
 Though in my bosom burns the flame
 That in a happier age and clime
 Might have attempted lofty rhyme.
 But thou, celestial, take thy course
 With fancy's pinion, reason's force;

Go on; enjoy increasing fame,
Now equal with a MILTON's name;
Or him that sang the fairy-queen,
Or other Southren that has been.
Not SHAKSPEARE would himself disdain
The rivalship of such a strain.

Oh! for a theme of ampler space,
Whereon eternal lines to trace;
Embracing sea and continent,
And not within an island pent;
But free like Arioste to ride
On earth, on whirlwind, and on tide,
Wherever greater scene appears
Of human hopes or human fears!
But this would kind of treason be
To isle of my nativity,
Which claims and has a right to claim
Her bard for her own sep'rate fame;
Since other lands small mention make
Of genius which did here awake;
Or deeds which heroes here have done,
However meriting renown;
The dormant valour of the brave
In tower or battlement to save;
Or in the field the foe to turn,
And give the day of Bannockburn.
Much moral worth in hamlet low,
Or castle on the mountain brow,
That might deserve a verse sublime,
And claim a triumph over time;
Much merit here of feeling heart
To make the breast heave, and tear start,
Remains unsung; and valour's prize
The golden hair and sky-blue eyes.
Hence I retract the wish, resign;
To Scotia give that harp of thine,
That harp to which all sounds are known
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown;
Like thine own bard, thy Allan Bane,
So full, so various is thy strain;
In torrent numbers, flood of sense
In bounds which judgment well restrains.
No fear of a short-liv'd renown,
Or fading to thy ivy-crown;

For should some hidden fire or force
 Of ocean in his changing course
 "Unfix Benledi from his stance,"
 Yet time at thee shall break his lance;
 Or miss his aim and level wide
 At thy more solid pyramid!
 Go on; add lustre to an earth
 So honoured by thy magic birth;
 For not of mortal art thou born,
 O darling son of orient morn!
 Go on—and fill the rising gale
 With Scotia's early lore and tale,
 Make vocal and give life in turn
 To every mountain, glen and burn;
 As erst in Græcia did the god
 Of poesy, his dear abode,
 Attended by the sister choir,
 That hymn'd the song, or tun'd the lyre;
 For of Castalia ev'ry dream
 Is found in thy Loch Katrine theme;
 And Pindus rises to our view
 When that we think of Benvenue;
 Or we forget all other song,
 Thy inspiration pours so strong.
 So far remov'd, what the reward
 Can we bestow upon the bard?
 Our praise is vain; what winds will bear
 Encomium to a distant ear?
 Or will it please, so little skill
 Have we, however the good will.
 All we can do, we bid the sun
 When he his weary course has run,
 And in the orient brings the day,
 To halt a little at thy lay,
 And see if not his beams appear
 More charming when he climbs the sphere;
 For joy of heart lights up a grace,
 And dances in the human face;
 And why not morning at her dawn
 More sprightly look upon the lawn;
 And birds in melody repay
 With sweeter imitative lay?
 Though not, thou bird of scarlet wing,*
 Canst thou a tale of Marmion sing;

* A beautiful American bird of a variety of notes.

Though carol sweet and matin voice
Is charming at our early rise:
Thy *Border* minstrelsy falls short;
Thy lay is not of such a sort
Articulate as tongue of men.

What sound is that I hear again,
That winds across th' Atlantic bear
In harmony to every ear?
With gratulation welcome sped
It trembles on the mountain head,
Which starts to higher majesty,
When rapturous strains like these pass by.
Sit down thou ridge in lower style;
I also wish to hear awhile;
Depress thy erst aspiring head;
Be level with the ocean bed;
That no impediment may be
To this the coming minstrelsy,
The vision of SIR RODERICK* sung
These woods and solitudes among.

Sole Poet of the present age,
At once the poet and the sage,
Accept this distant homage given
To sounds that well deserve a heaven;
Original, of vigour born,
And dress'd in splendor of the morn,
With all the witchery of shade,
And spell unseen upon us laid.
What is this spell? It is the charm
Of manners from the pencil warm:
The portrait of the passions true;
The drawing living to the view;
The drapery of form and style
To win th' attention and beguile;
While costume that has pass'd away
With mortals that have liv'd their day;
And region of the chieftain race—
Great in the hall, great in the chace;
With back ground of the picture wild,
Like Ossa upon Pelion pil'd,
May help to cast the glamour† o'er,
And aid the seeming wizzard's pow'r.

* This poem announced, but not arrived.

† Enchantment.

But now no more; enough, enough,
Of these prosaic numbers rough:
We cease th' attempt, since it requires
A poet to tell, a poet's fires.

ANECDOTES.

THE late Doctor William Cullen of Edinburgh was no less remarkable for whim and vivacity in his youth, than for sagacity and luminous powers of ratiocination in his matured years. A strong vein of that kind of eccentricity which is often found accompanying a lively imagination and vigorous genius, ran, it is said, through the whole family, and descended to the Doctor's sons in an increased degree, or perhaps in a degree which appeared to be increased only because they had more ample means to indulge it, and moved in a more conspicuous orbit. Respecting one of these (we are not sure whether it may not be the present lord of session) there was some years ago an anecdote, diverting in itself, extremely characteristic of the family humour, and indicative of the archness and highmettled spirit which rendered the boys, more than any others of their time, indomable. One day, the little fellow having committed some very high offence, the Doctor resolved to punish him. A friend, who was present, interposed, argued and implored him for pardon, adding, "Do, doctor, forgive him this time—I'll be his sponsor—for he's a clever little fellow after all."—"Yes," said the arch young rogue, who to his wit and humour added the most extraordinary powers of mimicry perhaps ever known, "Yes, father, I am *a clever little fellow after all*." The doctor, startled and chagrined at the accuracy of the mimicry, and the unfeeling hardihood of his son, replied—"Ay, ay, I see you are too much so, and I'll try whether I cannot deprive you of a little of your cleverness;" saying which he ordered him to be locked up in a room in the garret, and passed sentence of bread and water on him. It so happened that a cat was shut up in the room along with him; and his mind, fruitful in plans of playful mischief, immediately suggested to him one of the most whimsical and bold projects of revenge imaginable. He tore the sheets of the bed, and formed from them a string of sufficient length to touch the street below: to one end of this he fastened the cat, and, throwing up the sash, stood prepared for what

might happen. The doctor, having visited his patients, returned home at the usual time; and getting out of his sedan-chair with his hat, according to custom, under his arm, ascended the steps to enter. No one who has ever seen that great man, or even the portrait of him, can have forgotten his wig:—it was of an enormous size, large enough to cover an ordinary bee-hive, and white with powder. Our arch youngster let down the cat by the string, and calculated its descent with such unlucky precision, that it alighted exactly on the top of the old gentleman's cranium, where, in terror, it fastened its claws. As soon as the arch dog perceived that puss had a firm hold of her new acquisition, he hawled her up again as fast as he could. Nothing could exceed the surprise and merriment of the people who were passing by, at seeing the well powdered caxon of Doctor Cullen ascending to the air in the claws of a cat, who mewled most lamentably in her passage, while the doctor himself, with his bald pate, stood staring in astonishment and rage, looking up at his son. "Ha, you young villain!" exclaimed he, "is this your doing?"—"Even so," replied the impudent young varlet: "don't be angry, father. Turn about is fair play—you threatened to deprive me of *some* of my cleverness, and I'll be hanged if I have not deprived you of *ALL* of yours."

Reflecting upon the foregoing anecdote, one of an extraordinary kind, and not very unlike it, that took place a few years ago in Dublin, recurred to our recollection. A gentleman who had a son, one of those wicked young wits whose pranks, though at the time of their execution extremely mortifying, often disclose the seeds of future greatness, and at the worst serve afterwards for pastime in the recounting of them—a kind of being with which Ireland is thought more to abound than any other country.—This gentleman, I say, having received some sharp provocation from his untoward boy, ordered him to be stripped, for the purpose of correcting him with more formality and effect; and having laid it on with a switch till he had given him as much as he thought salutary, left him to put on his clothes. Returning in about an hour after, and finding the chap still undressed, he asked him angrily why he had not put on his clothes; and fearing the boy might catch cold, ordered him to dress himself directly. "I sha'nt," replied the other surlily.—"Put on your clothes directly, sir!"—"They're not *my* clothes, and I'll not wear them!"—"What do you mean, you rascal?"—"They are *your* clothes, not *mine*," replied the unlucky brat; "after

execution, the clothes of the criminal belong to the hangman: so take *your* perquisite with you."

EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

THE following extract from a curious and authentic manuscript in possession of the respectable family of Astle in England, furnishes an instance of the rude manners of that country in ancient times. This manuscript contains among other things the private expenses of king Edward the Second, wherein it appears that cross and pile, or tossing up heads and tails (as it is now called) was a royal diversion. The following translation from the old French may afford some amusement.

Item. Paid to the king himself to play at *cross and pile*, by the hands of Richard de Mereworth, the receiver of the treasury, the sum of twelve pence.

Item. Paid there to Henry, the king's barber, for money which he lent to the king to play at cross and pile, 5*d.*

Item. Paid there to Peres Barnard, usher of the king's chamber, money which he lent to the king, and which he lost at cross and pile to Monsieur Robert Watterwylle, 8*d.*

Item. Paid to the king himself to play at cross and pile, by Peres Barnard, two shillings, which the said Peres won of him.

Item. Paid to Sir William de Kyngeston, for cabbage which he bought to make pottage in the boat.

Item. Paid at the lodge at Wolmer, when the king was stag hunting there, to Morris Ken, of the kitchen, because he rode there before the king, and often fell from his horse, at which the king laughed exceedingly; a gift by command, 20*d.*

It may be an amusement to many of our readers to peruse an Order of Council, describing the dress of a page in the reign of queen Elizabeth, said to be copied from the original in the library of Thomas Astle, Esq.

"These are to praye and requier you to make present serch within your ward and charges presently to make hew and cry for a young stripling of the age of 22 yerres: the colour of his apparell as foloweth: One doblet of yelow million fustion, th' one half therof buttoned with peche colour buttons, and th' other half laced downwards; one payer of peche colour hose laced with smale tawnye

lace; a graye hat with a copper edge rounde aboute it with a band of the same and a payer of swatched* stockings. Likewise he hath twoe clokes, th' one of vessey collar with twoe gards of black cloth and twisted lace of carnation colour and lyned with crymson bayes, and th' other is a red shipp russet colour stryped aboute the cape and downe the fore face twisted with twoe rowes of twisted lace, russet and gold buttons afore and uppon the sholdier being of the cloth itself set with the said twisted lace and the buttons of russet silke and gold. This youthes name is Gilbert Edwodd and page to Sir Valentine Browne knyght, who is run awaye this fowerth day of January with theis parcell following, viz. A chaine of wyer worke gold with a button of the same and a smalle ringe of gold at it twoe flagging chaines of gold th' one being marked with the letters V and B uppon the locke, and th' other with a little broken jewell at it, one earkanet of pearle and jasnitts therto hangeing a jewell like a marimade of gold enameled the tayle therof being set with diamonds the bellye of the made with ruby and the shilde a diamond the cheine of gold whereon it hangeth is set with smale diamonds and rubyes, and certeyne money in gold and white money.

“ To all constables bayliffs and hedboroughs, and to all other the queenes officers whatsoever to whome the same belongeth and apperteyneth.

“ BURGHLYE WARWICKE.

“ HUNSDONE HOWARD.”

THE last extract which we shall at present lay before our readers is the copy of Sir John Lesley's letter to Sir Thomas Biddle, of Gateshead, upon the siege of Newcastle by the Scotts in 1664.

“ SIR THOMAS,

“ Between me and God, it makes my heart bleed bleud, to see the warks gae thro' sae trim a gaerden as yours. I hae been twa times wi' my cousin, the general, an' sae shall I sax times mare afore the work gae that gate; but gin a' this be dune, Sir Thomas, yee maun mack the twenty pound thretty, an' I maun hae the tag'd tail'd trooper† that stands in the staw, and the little wee trim gaeing ‡thing that stands in the neuk o' the ha' chirping and chiming at the nountide of the day, and forty §bows of ¶beer to saw the

* Blue.

† Horse.

‡ Clock.

§ Two bushels.

¶ Barley.

*mains witha'; and as I am a chevalier of fortune, and a limb o' the house of Rothes, as the muckle maun kist in Edinburgh, auld kirk can weel witness for these taught hundred years bygaine, nought shall skaith your house, within or without, to the validome of a twa-penny chicken.

"I am your humble servant, John Lesley, major-general and captain over sax score and twa men and some mare; crowner of Cumberland, Northumberland, Murrayland, and Fife; baillie of Kinkaldie; governor of Burnt Island and the Bass; laird of Libertine, Tilly and Wolly; ‡ siller tacher of Stirling; constable of Leith; and Sir John Lesley, Knight, to the boot of a' that."

BOXING THE COMPASS.

A seaman once coming before the Committee of Shipping of the East India Company, in Leadenhall-street, to be examined for some offence on board of one of the company's ships, was treated with great slight and contempt by one of the members, who went so far as to say, that he doubted the fellow could box the compass, that is to say, to run over regularly all the points of it. Jack very sturdily but humorously replied, "I'll be d——d but I can, and better than you can say the Lord's prayer." All the other members laughed; and Jack encouraged offered to lay him five guineas of it. "You can't be off," said some. So the insolent gentleman thinking it best to put a good face upon the matter, said "Done with you," and laid down his five guineas too.—The honest tar went through his part, and boxed off the compass in high spirits, and with great precision and rapidity. The member of the committee then followed, and with little trouble went through the Lord's prayer; having done which, he stretched forth his hand to take up the cash. "Avast! d——n my dear eyes, avast!" cried Jack, griping his wrist with the strength of an ox, "not so fast neither."—"Why," said the other, "you have not said the compass *better* than I did the Lord's prayer."—"Ay, but hold, I'm not *half* done yet," returned the sailor; and immediately began and said the compass *backwards* with no less precision and quickness than he had before said it forwards.—"Now, say the Lord's prayer backwards, if

* Low lands. † Eight. ‡ Two rocks on the coast of Scotland. For a description, see Pennant's Tour.

you can," said he, "and the money is yours."—"I can't," said the other. "Then the money is mine," said Jack; and putting it very deliberately into his pocket, advised his antagonist to contend with *his equals* another time.

FOR THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

ODE TO MEDITATION.

By William Moore Smith, Esq.

OH, thou! who lov'st to dwell
 Within some far sequester'd cell,
 Unknown to Folly's noisy train,
 Untrod by Riot's step profane,
 Meek Meditation! silent maid,
 To thee, my votive verse be paid;
 To thee! whose mildly pleasing pow'r
 Could check wild youth's impetuous flight;
 And, in affliction's gloomy night,
 Could soothe the "torturing hour,"
 To thee the strains belong;
 But say what pow'rful spell,
 What magic force of song,
 Can lure thy solemn steps to my uncultur'd bower?

By night's pale orb, beneath whose ray,
 With thee thy PLATO oft would stray;
 By the brilliant star of morn,
 That saw thee bend o'er SOLON's urn;
 By all the tears you shed
 When NUMA bow'd his languid head;
 By the mild joys that in thy breast would swell
 When ANTONINE, by grateful realms ador'd,
 Majestic Rome's immortal lord,
 Would leave the toils, the pomp of state,
 The crimson splendors of the victor's car,
 The painful pleasures of the great,
 The shouts of triumph, and the din of war,
 In Tiber's hallow'd groves with thee to dwell!

But ah!—on Grecian plains, no more
 Exists the taste for ancient lore,—
 Far, from Oppression's scourge, the Muses fled,
 And Tiber's willow'd banks along,
 Where MARO pour'd the classic song,
 Grim Superstition stalks with giant tread!

Yet can Columbia's plains afford
 The magic spell, the potent word;—
 A spell, to charm thy sober ear,—
 A name, to thee, to Freedom dear!—
 By the soft sighs that stole o'er Schuylkill's wave,
 When he, around whose urn
 Dejected nations mourn,
 Immortal FRANKLIN, sunk into the grave;
 By his thoughts, by thee inspir'd,
 By his works, by worlds admir'd;
 By the tears by Science shed
 O'er the patriot's dying head;
 By the voice of purest Fame,
 That gave to Time his deathless name:
 By these, and ev'ry pow'rful spell,
 Oh! come, meek nymph, with me to dwell!
 The garland weave for FRANKLIN's head,
 Wreaths of oak from Runnymede,—
 Where the British Barons bold
 Taught their king, in days of old,
 To tremble at insulted Freedom's frown,
 And venerate the rights her children deem'd their own:
 For he, like them, intrepid rose
 Against insulted Freedom's foes;
 Fix'd the firm barrier 'gainst Oppression's plan,
 And dar'd assert the sacred rights of man!

And in the wreath, which Freedom's hands shall twine,
 To deck her champion's ever honour'd shrine,
 The victor's laurel shall be seen
 In folds of never-dying green;
 The Muses, too, shall bring
 Each flow'ret of the spring,
 Wet with the beamy tears of morn;
 And there, with all her tresses torn,
 What time meek twilight's parting ray
 Sinks ling'ring in night's dun embrace,
 Pale-eyed Philosophy shall stray
 In hopes his awful form to trace,
 Hov'ring on some pregnant cloud,
 From whence, while thunders burst aloud,
 From whence, while through the trembling air,
 In lurid streams the lightnings glare,
 His rod her head she'll wave around,
 And lead the harmless terrors to the ground.

But should milder scenes than these
Thy sober, pensive bosom please,
We'll seek the dark embrowning wood
That frowns on dark Ohio's flood;
And while, amid the gloom of night,
No twinkling star attracts the sight;
And while beneath the sullen tide
Shall in majestic silence glide,
We'll listen to the notes of wo,
By Echo borne from plains below;
Where Genius droops his laurel'd head,
And Honour mourns a CLYMER dead!

Thou sullen flood, whose dreary shore
Has oft been stain'd with streams of gore,
Ah! never did a meeker tear
Impearl thy banks from Virtue's eye;
Ah! never did thy breezes bear
A purer breath than CLYMER's sigh.

Ye plains, that saw Sedition wave
Her impious banners to the wind,
With you the youth has found his grave,
To you is Virtue's friend consign'd;
Yet still as each succeeding race
Through time to fate shall pass away,
Ah! never shall your sons embrace
A dearer pledge than CLYMER's clay.

Oft o'er the spot that wraps his head
Shall Pity's softest tear be shed;
There Friendship's sacred form shall come,
To strew with flow'rs his CLYMER's tomb.
And while the queen of night shall shroud
Her beams behind some threat'ning cloud,
And while the western mountains' brow
The star of eve shall sink below;
And while the consecrated ground
Mute Melancholy stalks around,
There, Meditation!—shalt thou find
A scene to suit thy sober mind;
In which thou long shalt love to dwell:
And, undisturb'd by wild Sedition's tread,
Muse o'er the virtues of the silent dead!

IMPROPER USE OF THE BIBLE.

HENRY KNYGHTON, a canon of Leicester, complained heavily of Wickliffe, his neighbour and contemporary,* "for having translated out of Latin into English the Gospel, which Christ had entrusted with the clergy and doctors of the church, that they might minister it to the laity and weaker sort, according to the exigency of times, and their several occasions; so that by this means the gospel jewel, or evangelical pearl, was made vulgar—was thrown about and trodden under foot of swine."†

The Mahomedans have been very careful to preserve their Koran from the profanation here complained of. "It is," says Mr. Sale, the translator, "in the greatest reverence among them. They dare not so much as touch it, without being first washed, or legally purified; which, lest they should do inadvertently, they write these words on the cover, '*Let none touch it but who are clean.*' They read it with a superstitious reverence, never holding it below their girdles: they adorn it with gold and the most precious stones, &c."‡—Henry Knyghton would have approved and commended all this as just and decent, and in order: but what would Henry Knyghton have said, if he had seen the Bible thumped and dirtied in our schools, thrown by the boys at one another's heads, and consigned perhaps at length to the most humiliating offices?

It should seem from lord Bacon, that this familiarity with the Bible might lead by degrees to an actual privation of all religion, yea even of a sense of God's existence: for, reckoning up the sorts of atheists, he lays little stress upon the contemplative, sophistical, philosophical atheists, as they are called. "Among these," says he, "atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart: these will ever be talking of their opinion, as if they were wavering about, and would gladly be strengthened by the consent of others. These seem to be more than they are: but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, who are ever handling holy things, without the least sense or feeling of their being so; so that these must needs be

* Wickliffe was rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, and died in the year 1384.

† Lewis's History of translations of the Bible.

‡ Sale's preliminary discourse to the Koran.—The Jews had the same veneration for their Law, not daring to touch it with unwashed hands, nor then neither without a cover. Vide Millium de Mohamedism ante Mohamed.

cauterized in the end."* Now, according to these ideas, may not the constant official handling of holy things make men atheists, by making them gradually lose a sense of their holiness?—Look at sextons, parish clerks, singing boys, choir men, (I need go no higher,) and see what sense or feeling they have of the holiness of the things about them. Boys are taught to read in the Bible, because the Bible is a good book;† the school-house is often a part of the church, because the church is a holy place.‡ Surely our pious ancestors did not know that familiarity breeds contempt; for more effectual means could not be contrived to extinguish all sense of holiness.

There is yet another reason why boys should not be taught to read by the use of the Bible, if there be any such thing as association of ideas. The Bible, distinct from its religious importance, is certainly a very curious as well as useful book: but the Bible is usually the last book men take up either for instruction or amusement. Why?—because they have formerly been teased, and buffeted, and flogged about it; and because they hate the scenery which it naturally revives.—'Tis a pity but a little knowledge of human nature had been cultivated by these good people, together with their piety and learning.

* Essays, 16. —† The benefit or utility arising from these unions is altogether imaginary. "Wanting an English book for my scholars to translate," says a learned schoolmaster, "which might improve them in sense and Latin at once (two things that should never be divided in teaching) I thought nothing more proper for that purpose than Bacon's Essays." As if a school-boy would attend to, (or if he would) could comprehend the strong, deep sense of Bacon: just as well might it be said that boys should be taught in the Bible, and at the church, because religion and learning should never be divided. Preface to Bacon's Essays, translated by Willymot.

‡ By this means the churchyard, which is also consecrated, and must certainly have some degree of holiness, as well as the church, becomes as it were a licensed play-ground for the schoolboys, and at the same time a bear garden for the parish.

DRAMATIC CENSOR.

THOUGHTS ON THE ELECTION; A COMEDY, BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

(Lately published with the *Mirror of Taste*.)

[The following observations, though we think them, in some points, not perfectly orthodox, deserve the attention which the author wishes to have paid to them. To all the encouragement which youth, laudably ambitious of exercising considerable talents, can lay claim, *LERIDA* is intitled; and so far as a place in this work goes, we wish to allow it to him. At the same time he labours under a radical mistake in his premises, which however detracts nothing from the ingenuity of his criticism. But of that more hereafter.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

SIR,

HE who censures has an easy task; but the man who undertakes to discriminate between perfection and imperfection, or right and wrong; he who wishes, with the cool and determined dignity of justice, to set forth all the qualities of an author, to exhibit the symmetrical as well as the deformed parts of his productions, is in great danger of falling on the one hand or the other into error. He is in danger of having his conduct ascribed to improper motives; and those who admire, and those who do not admire the object of his investigation, think they have each an equal right to defame him. Such is the situation of him who undertakes the part of a critic. But it has become the practice of the day to examine all works which intrude themselves upon the public eye; and that practice must be acknowledged to be a correct one: for without it (so numerous are the productions constantly appearing), taste might and would become vitiated, and judgment perverted. In hazarding this assertion, I by no means urge my own competency to such a decision; nor do I, by any underhanded stratagem, veil in obscurity my own imperfection: I avow it; but, at the same time, I avow that any man has an undeniable right to scrutinize the productions of another, provided he does it with respect and moderation. If I should be wrong then in my conclusions, let it be proved.

The play upon which I propose offering a few remarks is the comedy of "The Election," by the justly admired poetess, Joanna Baillie, published with a late number of the Mirror. My review may be considered novel, for I confess myself, at once, unacquainted with the philosophic evolutions of professed reviewers; but my determination shall be fashioned after my own ideas of correctness and of candour.

Perhaps, at the first glance of the reader, there is nothing in this play so conspicuous as its similarity in one of the main points to De Monfort. So great indeed is this similarity, as to subject the piece to the epithet of a tame imitation of the above tragedy, produced by the same author.

Here it may not be amiss to offer a few words on these kinds of imitations.—An author may think himself privileged to mould his own productions in whatever various forms he sees fit; but in this he is mistaken; for any thing once given to the world becomes irrevocably its property, and whatever of later creation assimilates to it is an imposition and a counterfeit. Neither is the author at all justifiable: for when he has made a voluntary resignation of his productions, he should, for the sake of his own fame, hold that resignation sacred. Moreover, he incurs, with the appearance of much plausibility, the imputation of *want of invention*; his muse is dubbed with barrenness; and, in the mortification of known or supposed sterility, finds no admirers: those whom she had perhaps before enchanted with the eloquence and music of her voice, or inticed by her "speaking demeanor," or whose breasts she had disturbed by awakening their envy, gaze at her with the pity and pain of disappointed expectation in her glory, with the triumph of malicious scorn, or with the same facetious exultation which Horace expresses to an ancient maid who, when young, was surrounded by crowds of suiters and myriads of flatterers, but now was deserted in her wrinkles, and left to brood over her former acts of folly.

That I may not be considered as wanting in the first requisite of a critic (liberality) to prove that my assertions are not vague and unfounded, I shall mention, without particular method, as they fall under the eye of hasty observation, so that the reader may see them at a *coup d'ail*, several similarities between the two aforementioned plays.

In the characters of De Monfort and Baltimore there is scarcely a shadow of difference; each temper is blackened with the most direful and inveterate hate, and in Baltimore we only lose sight of De Monfort in the reconciliation, in the last scene. While De Monfort declares that Rezenvelt

His envious gibing malice, poorly veil'd
In the affected carelessness of mirth:—

and continues, that while he remained poor he could endure it; then bursts out with the fulness of his hatred—

But when honours came,
And wealth and new got titles for his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grov'ling idiots grind applauses on him;
O! then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic!—What, what would I give!
What would I give to crush the bloated toad—
So rankly do I hate him!

Baltimore says, in plain prose, very much the same of Freeman:

BALT. Ay; by my soul, he pretends to be affable!—He has extended his insolent liberalities over the whole country round. The very bantlings lisp his name as they sit on their little stools in the sun.

Mrs. BALT. My dear friend!

BALT. He has built two new towers to his house, and it rears up its castled head amongst the woods, as if its master were the lord and chieftain of the whole surrounding country.

Mrs. BALT. And has this power to offend you!

BALT. No, no; let him pile his house up to the clouds, if he will. I can bear all this patiently: it is his indelicate and nauseous civility that drives me mad. He goggles, and he smiles; he draws back his full wat'ry lip like a toad; then he spreads out his nail-bitten fingers as he speaks—hah!

Mrs. BALT. And what great harm does all this do you?

BALT. What harm!—it makes my very flesh creep, *like the wriggling of a horse-leech or a maggot*.^{*} It is an abomination beyond endurance.

And again, when De Monfort's friends are endeavouring to bring him and Rezenvelt (who is very anxious for it) to an accommodation, he shrinks back, and in a cold and lofty tone replies

Nay, if you please; I am not so prepar'd!—

^{*} I have not time to speak of this sentence. Let the reader comment for himself.

we see something of the same nature with regard to the *rencontre* of Freeman and Baltimore, after the latter had preserved the life of the former, by rescuing him from the water.

Numerous, very numerous, are the passages which might be adduced to the same purport; but trusting that the point of the great similarity in the first characters will be no longer considered contestable, we will proceed to our examination of the play before us, as it regards itself alone, and endeavour for a time to lay De Monfort entirely aside.

Notwithstanding this principal, this insuperable objection to the Election, it must be confessed the author has displayed considerable comic humour, and no small degree of judgment in the distribution of her incident. Thus, in the very first scene, we are informed of the aim of the play, by the rough esteem for her master of old Margery; and before we reach the conclusion of the first act, we know much of the blackhearted character of Baltimore. If a want of incentives to so diabolical a hatred be urged against De Monfort (which by the by, although it appears strikingly so, to the "careless eye in naked abstraction," I am now inclined to doubt) it is certainly a piece of censure far more due to Baltimore.—Freeman is a man of a noble and liberal spirit, calculated by his benevolence to do much good. And what is Baltimore's charge against him—of so heinous a nature as not only to preclude from him his esteem, but to awaken against him the most unlimited and inveterate abhorrence? He had not ill treated him when a boy, nor had they then,

E'en in their early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively reverse,
Each 'gainst the other pitch his pledge,
And frown defiance.

For such are the words of De Monfort, in his *éclaircissement* of his conduct to his sister: No! nothing of the kind appears in the declarations of Baltimore. What then, I repeat, are the causes which have influenced him so powerfully against the man that would be his friend?—They are these:—*He* has acquired his well appropriated wealth by the honest exertions of active industry;—"his father was a—a—*weaver*,"—and the haughtiness of the lordly Baltimore is offended; he has purchased lands once belonging to the family of Baltimore, but which he is no longer able to hold, and it shocks his

pride; but to conclude all, and rivet his hatred still more strongly, Freeman is his rival in a borough election. And for these reasons it is that Baltimore renders himself an object of absolute horror. De Monfort melts us into pity for himself at the same time that he rouses us to abhorrence of his crime. It is not so with Baltimore: it is forced—it is unnatural.

However in the blaze of the most glaring meteors, the more modest lustre of the others must not be lost. In Mrs. Baltimore we have plain Jane De Monfort married, and in Truebridge no less a character than Freberg. What is the uniform aim of Jane De Monfort?—is it not to endeavour to root out of the breast of her brother that devouring passion which consumed him, and

———drove him forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from his native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accurs'd?

And with regard to her husband, is Mrs. Baltimore's less?—What was the fondest wish of the good hearted Freberg? To bring De Monfort and Rezenvelt to an accommodation. And what other end has Truebridge in view as it respects Baltimore and Freeman?

Pardon me, reader, I thought I had laid the rule of comparison aside; but I see at each step more and more plainly, that if I proceed in my labour without it, I will erect but an irregular, mishapen and tottering structure.

In the more originally stamped characters of the idle Charles, the frivolous Mrs. Freeman, and her rather uncouth but good natured daughter, the author succeeds well.

In Baltimore I see nothing endearing; his hatred of Freeman absorbs every sentiment of his soul; and in the second act the exulting malice which he betrays when, (upon being previously informed of Freeman's having received a fall from his horse, after having praised his horsemanship for some time) he puts to him the question, "What do you jockeys reckon the best way of managing a fiery mettled steed, when a brown calf sets his face through the hedge and cries *mow?*"—has something in it insignificant and disgraceful. When he afterwards abuses Peter for misinforming him, he has no longer any interest; I cannot view him as "a man of old and respectable family." And when he is first told of Mr. Freeman's supposed fall, by Peter (Act 2, scene 3,) and

says, "He rose and shook himself? ha! ha! ha! [*laughing violently*] I did not know thou wert so humorous a fellow, Peter. Here is money for thee to drink the brown calf's health;"—I cannot help wondering with his old David, "how he can degrade himself so as to listen to that knave's tales." He stoops too low; lower than the most violently indulged passion of any man of education could stoop; his wickedness is blended with too much weakness, and instead of becoming to us hateful, it sinks into the meanness of becoming disgusting.

The apostrophe of the idle Charles to time, in the beginning of the third act, is a piece of undoubted merit; its severity of satire against many "a score of foplings got 'twixt asleep and awake," who loiter unemployed in gaping wretchedness, is pointedly just; nor can I pass it without giving it an insertion here.

Enter CHARLES, with a slow sauntering step.

CHARLES. Let me see what o'clock it is now—what says my watch to it now? [*Looking at his watch.*]—Pest take it! it is but ten minutes since I looked last; and I could have sworn it was as good three quarters, or at least half an hour, as ever clock tick'd, or ever sand-glass run. [*Yawning and stretching himself.*] Ah! I find it has been but half an hour of a weary man's reckoning, who sees two long, long periods, yclep'd hours, lying between him and his dinner, like a drear length of desert waste before the promis'd land. [*Yawning and stretching again.*] My fishing tackle is all broken; and squire Sapling has borrowed my pointer. I have sat shaking my legs upon the corn chest till every horse in the stable is rubbed down, and the groom, happy dog! has gone with his broom to sweep out the yard and the kennel. O dear, O dear, O dear! what shall I do?

The poor fellow is so completely at a loss for employment, that he professes his willingness to do any thing Mrs. Baltimore should point out; but on being referred to a book, that "monster of terrific mien" to the thoughtless and the lazy minded, he is disappointed, and knows not how to extricate himself. There is perhaps not a more diverting part in the piece than his mode of reading, and the ingenious manner the author has planned for him to escape from this dilemma. Take Miss Baillie's own words:

[CHARLES sits down with his book; reads a little, with one arm dangling over the back of the chair, then changes his position and reads a little while with the other arm over the back of the chair; then changes his position again, and, after rubbing his leg with the book, continues to read a little more; then he stops and brushes some dirt off his breeches with his elbow.]

Mrs. BALT. [Observing him and smiling.] How does the reading go on?

CHARLES. O! pretty well:—I shall finish the page presently. [He reads a little longer, still figetting about, and then starting up from his seat.] By the by, that hound of a shoemaker has forgot to send home my new boots.—I must go and see after them.

Mrs. BALT. What could possibly bring your boots into your mind at this time, I wonder!

CHARLES. It is no wonder at all; for whenever I begin to read, and that is not often I confess, all the little odd things that have slipped out of my memory for a month are sure to come into it then. I must see after the boots, though.

Mrs. BALT. Not just now?

CHARLES. This very moment. There is no time to be lost. I must have them to-morrow at all events.

This is so just a description of the miseries of idleness, and the subterfuges of folly, that I feel confident every reader of taste will admire it.

I am sorry always to refer to Baltimore with dissatisfaction; but in the scene with Mrs. Baltimore and Charlotte Freeman, in the third act, his behaviour must be considered as that of a frantic man; and indeed, as far in the piece as his anger is represented, it is wild, groundless, as I have before shown, and absurd. However he supports it in general with considerable regularity, except where he stoops, as in the case with Peter, to listen to foolish insinuations and ridiculous tales, beneath the anger of any man of pride or of spirit. It is far from being the worst part of the play where (in the fourth act) Freeman wishes to return Baltimore thanks for the preservation of his life:

BALT. [Aside to his wife] Will there be no end to this damned gratitude? [About to FREEMAN.] Sir, I am happy—I hope you will have a good sleep after this accident;—and I shall be happy to hear good accounts of you to-morrow morning.

The perturbation of Baltimore in all of this dialogue is well discovered and well expressed.—The next thing that strikes us forcibly in our progress is the prison scene, in the last act, where (having been lodged by the villany of an attorney, who persuaded him it was at Freeman's suit) Baltimore and Freeman meet. Freeman comes out of kindness, elevated and noble; but Baltimore, with his accustomed rashness, abuses him unheard, and displays as effectually as in any preceding scene his haughtiness—of temper, not of soul; and here he discovers as inveterate an hatred as at any

other period. When Freeman, in his confusion of withdrawing, leaves his hat behind, on his wife's advancing towards it, Baltimore rushes up to her and exclaims, "Touch not the damned thing, or I will loath thee!"—In this case, indeed, he had some apparent cause to dislike him, as he supposed himself there through the means of Freeman.

It appears to me that the parts, and intentions of Jenkinson and Senet, the two attorneys, are managed rather obscurely. The sarcasms introduced by many dramatic writers, against this class of people, by bringing forward to represent them, characters of the most detestable and miserly kind, is a grievance under which the stage has long laboured, and from which it is time it should be delivered.

There is an abundance of old machinery in the composition of comedies, and indeed of tragedies also, which is almost completely worn out.—*Quer.* Would it not be advisable for the modern dramatists to set their invention to work, after something of this kind *new?*

Again, in the scene of the intended duel between Baltimore and Freeman, we have occasion to observe something very meritorious. The various feelings of the former, at the idea of his having been thrown into prison by the latter, and on learning his error, and that the very man whom he suspected for his imprisonment, was the one to whom he owed his release, are all judiciously and forcibly delineated. Now raging wildly, his "bosom swelling with its fraught, for 'twas of aspics tongues," and now overwhelmed with gratitude, but gratitude of a different nature from those heavenly sensations offered up by the assisted wretch at the shrine of mercy: but that gratitude, at the idea of which he shuddered, and under which he writhed. It was a sensation which he could not command: his pistol fell motionless; but he exclaimed to Truebridge, in the real agony of vice, sooner than acknowledge the nobleness of Freeman, "If thou hadst lodg'd a bullet in my brain I had thank'd thee for it."

We have at once a lively and interesting picture of man in the different situations of being elevated in mind above a foe, and depressed by obligation beneath him. The transition is instantaneous and accurate; the difficulty with which he reconciles his present state to himself is well managed, and the interest of this Act is great. Here then we lose all sight of De Monfort, he enters not

our thoughts, the shrinking, but late haughty Baltimore, overpowered by his benefits dare not murmur, till at length on learning that Freeman is his brother, having just become acquainted with his worth, all is fine, all is delightful. He abhors himself at once, for his former behaviour, and he loves Freeman with an ardor kindled by his goodness of heart, and fanned with the purest breath of fraternal esteem. Here his situation is truly enviable. Here the reader, or spectator is taught the danger of harbouring such ungoverned and ill founded sentiments of hatred against a fellow man. Here the good hearted Freeman and the amiable Mrs. Baltimore are rewarded for their virtues. Here Truebridge experiences the delightfulness of doing good; and here Baltimore has time to reflect on the glaring impropriety and wickedness of his unfounded dislike, which was near plunging two families in misery, and bathing his hands in the sacred urn of the blood of his brother. But here at length, the long contested election with all its honours disturb not the thoughts of Baltimore their possessor; his mind is engaged in reflections more delightful: all are at ease, all are happy.

Armies, mobs, &c. from their very nature, are extremely ill adapted to representation on the contracted stage of a theatre; I think, however, the voters have no occasion to murmur at the treatment they have received from Miss Baillie.

Of the style of "the Election," I have not much to say in commendation; it is too much like common place talk, and in some places, where it has no right to be so, it is absolutely vulgar. I however conclude this imperfect survey, with much more favourable impressions than I experienced on its first perusal.

It is however in my opinion, rather injudiciously conceived, (even if we say nothing of its semblance to *De Monfort*), and irregularly executed; and although it possesses many and striking beauties, yet I am much inclined to think, it will be no accession to Miss Baillie's fame.

LERIDA.

Having paid the debt due to Lerida's ingenuity, by inserting his piece, we will now let him into a secret into which Miss Baillie has, in her preface, let all her readers, viz. that she wrote a comedy and a tragedy *avowedly* on the same passion.—[THE EDITOR.]

PHILADELPHIA THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FOR OCTOBER, 1811.

Wednesday 2d,	The Pilgrim, or Love's Perils.—Deaf Lover.
Friday 4th,	Macbeth.—Invisible Girl.
Saturday 5th,	Honey Moon.—Oscar and Malvina.
Monday 7th,	Merry Wives of Windsor.—The Ghost.
Wednesday 9th,	Abaelino, or Grand Bandit.—Weathercock.
Friday 11th,	Adelgitha.—Wedding Day.
Saturday 12th,	Rule a wife and have a wife.—Prisoner at Large.
Monday 14th,	The West Indian.—Fortune's Frolic.
Wednesday 16th,	Laugh when you can.—A Tale of Mystery.
Friday 18th,	Othello.—The Citizen.
Saturday 19th,	Merchant of Venice.—Catharine and Petruchio.
Monday 21st,	The Deserted Daughter.—Children in the Wood.
Wednesday 23d,	Romeo and Juliet.—The Liar.
Friday 25th,	The Wheel of Fortune.—Ella Rosenberg.
Saturday 26th,	Venice Preserved.—Agreeable Surprise.
Monday 28th,	Way to get Married.—Tom Thumb.
Wednesday 30th,	Romeo and Juliet.—Wags of Windsor.

THE PILGRIM.—This comedy, the production of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, was some time since, dragged forth from the rich lumber-room of obsolete British dramatic poetry, and reduced to the form in which we now see it, for the purpose of representation. How far the emendator has succeeded in rendering the piece more palatable, and what the merits of it in its original and in its reformed state are, shall be the subject of consideration in a future number.—At present, we can only stop to remark, that though full of wit, and in many parts rich with materials of as truly comic a kind, as ever genius in her most wanton and eccentric moods disported with, it had on the stage so little to interest, and in some scenes so much to disgust, that we were heartily sick of it before it came to an end. In the closet it has its attractions, and those shall be particularized hereafter. Of the performance alone we are now to speak.

What any person could reasonably hope to be done for PEDRO the pilgrim, was done by Mr. WOOD.—But there is in the character so little that "the folks of this world" can by possibility find approaching towards their business and bosoms, that it afforded

little scope to the actor to exhibit his powers in exciting either feeling or amusement; and the circumstances under which he moves, and the incidents in which he is engaged, are so much out of the ordinary course of human affairs at this day, or indeed at any time, that we know of, and so defaced by improbability even beyond the utmost sketch of poetical license allowable to dramatists, that the character lies a dead weight upon the performer.—The same may be said of all the others, Alfonso excepted, which is drawn with such strong and masterly tints, of the genuine old comic humour and eccentricity, that he alone presents the only congruity between character, plot and incident that appears in the whole, and is so far diverting. He could not be placed in better hands to help him forward than in those of Warren.

Of the motley groupe which made up the rest of the medley there is nothing to be said worth the saying.—Of the madmen particularly, it would be little short of a libel upon the actors, if we were to say that they well represented characters which are so very disgusting in both the conception and execution, that every mind imbued with a tincture of refined taste and every heart not hardened against the feelings of humanity, and dead to honest pride in his species, must revolt from them. But, as we said before, more of this hereafter.

MACBETH.—Of the merits of Mr. Cooper in Macbeth, we have more than once recorded our sentiments, and as we have written, so we have spoken with no niggard praise of his performance of several important parts of that most arduous character. If lavish commendation had always the effect of stimulating genius to improvement, and animating industry to judicious exertion, Mr. Cooper would at this time stand as high in the opinion of sober criticism, as he does in the eyes of his admirers, in many characters, and particularly in Macbeth, which we once considered as more than any other, the character in which he manifested greatest histrionic capacity. When we assert that the reverse is the case with this gentleman, we are aware that our words may be misinterpreted, and therefore will anticipate misconception by a precise and unequivocal explanation of our meaning. When we speak of judicious exertion, we are far from meaning corporal effort, or elaborated action: we mean that intellectual effort, that studious dissection of the character into its component parts, and that subtle scrutiny into the meaning of every atom of it.

which enables an actor to inhale, as it were, the spirit of his author and to intermingle it with his own, or at least so intimately to adopt the poet's ideas, that though he may not positively feel, he should so far imitate the passion intended to be described as to excite correspondent emotions in the audience. This, which constitutes the chief glory of the truly great actor, can never be accomplished, if the eye of the auditor is made to anticipate his ear, and the obviously studied action of the player visibly precedes his utterance;—when the feelings, instead of coming at the summons of nature, wait for the intervention of the actor's will, and the mechanical movement of the body supersedes the workings of the soul. The great actor is ever to his character what (in horticulture) the stock is to the scion. He takes the matter, though foreign, to the most perfect vital adoption, and from his more coarse tap-root supplies juices, not to change the nature of, but to enlarge the fruit.

Now it is evident that this can never be done if the actor be not so very perfect in the words, that they will fall from his tongue, glibly, spontaneously, without the intervention of reflection, or the immediate laboured exercise of the memory. Before ever he comes on the stage, the words of the character should be not only so ingrafted in his memory, but habituated to his tongue, that he would utter them with precision, even while his thoughts were engaged on other matter. He should be as immoveably master of his part, as thorough bred horsemen are of their saddles, many of whom will keep their seats firmly, even when, if placed on their legs, they would be incapable of standing;—and to the words, the action should be as instantaneously relative and correspondent, as they are found in the ordinary actions of life, which are so certain and independent of the will or reflection, that they are done unconsciously, and are often therefore ascribed to instinct.*

An incorrectness in his part which greatly defaces his performance, and would mar any poetry, has ever been, at least since we knew him, the leading fault of Mr. Cooper: as it is one which requires only

* If in a large company, one makes mention of an accident that befel his nose, or a pain in his jaw, instantly every other applies his hand to his own nose or chin, or if one speaks of wanting to shave, the person to whom he speaks immediately rubs his chin.

such common exertion as lies in any actor's power, it was not unreasonable to hope that regard to his own fame as well as respect for the public, by whom he is so much and justly admired and favoured, would have suggested to him the expediency of reforming it: it mortifies us however, to say that he has grown rather worse, than better.—The words and refined sense of his author, and along with them his own genius, he often leaves to shift for themselves; bending his whole mind to the production of practical stage effect. Instead of charging his memory with the words, exercising his sagacity in unfolding their latent meaning, and forming nice and natural discriminations, he seems to be taxing his invention for new modes of producing stage effect, while incorrect emphasis, spurious new readings, and false and inapplicable picturesque are accumulated, till the poet, his meaning and his character are eclipsed by an impervious mass of flashy redundancy.

Though we take occasion to mention this under the head of Macbeth, we state it as applicable to Mr. Cooper, in many other characters. Of his negligence respecting the words, we speak with certainty in Shakspeare's characters, which we have read so often as to be able to detect the lapses. Of some others too we can say the same, for we have felt that pain which without knowing the text, any one who has a moderately good ear must feel, at hearing the mellifluous flow of the verse rippled and broken, by the substitution of words of unequal number, for the true ones. If Mr. Cooper's faults were those of nature, and the feebleness of his organic powers obstructed the efforts of his intellectual, however we might deplore, we would not censure, but say of him as the giant satirist Churchill, in his Rosciad, says of old Mr. Sheridan,

When he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone,
When he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

But when on the contrary nature has been profuse in her gifts, and her bounty is returned with negligence, or to invert the idea of the critical poet,

When most that's great is nature's gift alone,
And every error is the actor's own;

the critic who praises without an ample qualification of censure, in effect falsifies, deserts his duty, deceives the public, and justly merits, himself, the reproach that he withholds.

With what face could we utter the language of panegyric upon Mr. Cooper's dagger scene, and the other excellent parts of his Macbeth, for which we are bound and happy to praise him, if we smuggled into concealment the faults which counterbalance them. Of defects to which the capabilities he displays in other respects would seem to give the complexion of wilfulness, spectators must be wholly intolerant, if they were not expiated by beauties, which to the eyes of the many are more striking and conspicuous; but sober criticism, which always expects from an actor just so much as his capacity enables him to give, and no more, considers those beauties, not as palliatives, but on the contrary as aggravations of the interposing faults, since they show what the actor could do—Could, but would not.—In the alternations of fault and excellence, which run through Mr. Cooper's acting, and in succession elevate us to hope and sink us in disappointment, we cannot help asking ourselves what the cause of such vast inequality can be. In every human performance, that includes an extent and variety of thought and action, we know that there must necessarily be some inequality. Garrick himself, played some parts of Macbeth, of Hamlet, and of Richard better than others: but we never remember to have seen or heard of an actor who was in different scenes of the same character, extremely great and extremely defective. Nor would Garrick himself ever have passed current, much less obtained high renown, if he had repeatedly ventured on the stage, imperfect in his part. So convinced, on the contrary, was that extraordinary personage, of the necessity of diligent attention to that point, so lively was his sense of the respect due to his audience, and of the claims of his own honourable fame, that his study of every character he performed continued unremitted to the last moments of his theatrical life. Not content with the applause of the multitude, nor even with the filling of his darling coffers, he was so determined to disarm criticism, and bid defiance to the most fastidious cavillers, and vigilant inspectors, that after having repeatedly, every season for thirty years, acted Lear, Macbeth, &c. he would not venture to perform them again without devoting some previous days to the restudying and private rehearsal of them; so that his worst enemies might, for aught he cared, have held the books in their hands, and traced him, syllable by syllable, through the part, while he was performing it. The same may be said of the Garrick of the western

hemisphere, Hodgkinson. When Mr. Cooper has it in his power by only a little industry,—(industry applied to its legitimate object we mean,)—to bid defiance to critics and cavillers also, why does he not do so?

We expect from Mr. Cooper nothing unreasonable—nothing of which he is incapable—Nothing that will not redound to his own fame and advantage; we ask of him only *to be as great as he may be*. To depend more upon nature and genius, and less upon mechanical effort and art.—To consult his author, and his own mind more, and to labour his limbs and body less. To remember that every good poem is a picture, (*ut pictura erit poesis*,) that above all others a dramatic poem, or play is a picture,—a picture of man's nature which the actor, who is employed to personate it, is bound to make as like the original as possible, and that the most consummate artists have been so intent upon this that, not content with taking man, as he appears embarrassed and adulterated with his artificial associated habits, they have gone to the fountain head of nature, to infancy itself, for their lineaments: so did Raphael, and all the masters of the Italian school—so did Reynolds, who to that end made children the constant objects of his study, observing and treasuring up their looks and attitudes,* which being unembarrassed and unperverted by assumed factitious manners, he justly considered as more characteristic of the species, than the actions of men and women; and this it was that supplied him with so many exquisite figures. We wish Mr. Cooper to remember, that this simple imitation of nature, so expedient in all cases, is indispensably necessary to accomplish the personification of true dignity and sublimity of character, and that to their practice of that, the Italian school owes its vast superiority over the Dutch and its imitators: if he will take the pains to examine the works of those two schools, he will find that that which in the Kemble acting passes for picturesque never found its way into the former. The figures of tragedy and comedy in Reynolds' famous picture where they are struggling for Garrick, are, the former much more grand, and the latter infinitely more winning, because more simple and natural than all the attitudes of Mr. Kemble and his disciples put together, if their gracefulness could be collected and amalgamated in one figure.

* See Beattie's Essay on Poetry and Music.

To how much greater advantage Mr. Cooper would appear if he would stoop to a consideration of these points, and endeavour to conform to the suggestions resulting from them, few can imagine: yet let the most ignorant or thoughtless spectator compare his laborious efforts in Othello with his natural easy and, even elegant deportment in the Duke d'Aranza, and they may readily conceive how much more dignified as well as pleasing he would be by taming his action in the former a little more than midway down to that in the latter.

We repeat it—there is nothing that we expect from Mr. Cooper which he may not easily perform—to be as perfect in the soliloquy beginning with “*If it were done when 'tis done,*” as he is the dagger scene, or as great in the caldron scene and the conjuration of the witches, as he is in the bustle of the fifth and last scene of the last act, we would not insist upon. Wonderfully and so near to perfection as Barry played Othello, his exclamation of “*Excellent wretch! Perdition catch me, if I do not love thee,*” &c., and his speech on first meeting Desdémona in Cyprus, were so transcendently superior to all the rest,—one would almost think, so much more than human, that no one ever hoped to see them paralleled by him in the other parts. But without equalling his masterly exhibition with the air-drawn dagger, Mr. Cooper might do much more than he does, with the passages to which we refer. Particularly, he ought to avoid laying such ludicrous stress upon the words “*Shut the door.*”

We assure Mr. Cooper that it is with great reluctance we speak in the language of censure of any one: we seldom do it;—and, if we are to trust to the opinions of most of our readers, *much too seldom*. We have been ourselves often censured for our forbearance by those who never took time to consider whether those at whom they would have us direct our censure, were of force to sustain it, or whether the offence was of sufficient importance to demand it.—Mr. C. is one of those from whose performance many lay up their small stock of dramatic judgment, and, therefore, is a prominent object of critical investigation; besides which he possesses, and justly possesses, so large a share of public favour, that, with all our scruples, we are much less afraid of his sustaining any injury from our candid avowal of disapprobation than we are apprehensive that our well-meant advice will be less regarded than it ought to be.

It may be objected to these animadversions, that the audience

take no notice of those faults, and that, if the officious critic did not point them out, they never would be observed, and the people would be perfectly well satisfied. To this we answer, "So much the worse!" The continued practice of such things perpetuates that ignorance which it should be the player's care, as it is one of the ends of the drama, to remove. Must it not be mortifying to our high-reaching auditors, any one of whom would resent an insinuation that he was not as good a judge of dramatic performances as any other person whatever, to hear how very low we stand, as a critical audience, compared with the crowded amphitheatres of Rome before the birth of Christ. Cicero, discussing one of the paradoxes maintained by the stoics, viz. that "*all faults are equal*," states it as a fact that if a player erred *even in one syllable*, by making it longer or shorter than it ought to be, so as to injure the measure by a single number, he was hissed and driven from the stage. "*Histrion si paululum se movit extra numerum, aut si versus pronuntiatus est SYLLABA UNA, brevior, aut longior, exsibilatur et exploditur.*"*—Even those who do not exactly know the words of the poet must, if they have metrical ears, natural or acquired, perceive a gross violation of the rhythm.

The defect we now point out is but too perceptible in almost every character Mr. Cooper performs—even those he has performed a hundred times and more; and though we advert to it here, we do not think his Macbeth has more, perhaps not so much of it, as his other characters. We lament that it has any, to detract from the lustre of so much excellence as we have seen him display in it.

THE HONEY MOON.—As truth has compelled us to assert that Mr. Cooper in Macbeth, Hamlet and Richard, has this season rather fallen short of his *autrefois* performances of them which we have seen, so candour demands from us this tribute to his Duke Aranza, that it was considerably superior to his personation of that character when we first saw him in it, some time since in Charleston. Giving it more ease and more tenderness, with much less stateliness, he comes much nearer to the idea conveyed by the elegant author of the Honey Moon:—take it altogether, it is one of the most unexceptionable of his performances, and is at the same

* See article Paradoxa (Parad. 3.) Cicero. op. Verburg, volume x.

time marked with many striking beauties. The disparity of different parts of Mr. Cooper's acting in the same character, and on the same night, has often struck us with astonishment.—In the Duke there was very little of it. The most striking took place between two speeches in the last scene of the third act:

I'll have no glitt'ring gewgaws stuck about you
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament;—no feathers
To wave as streamers to your vanity;
Nor cumbrous silk that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it.

Of which we assert that it would be difficult to conceive a poetical passage more eloquently enforced by an actor. But in the speech which followed close after it—

Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
That blends the rainbow, mingles in thy cheeks;
This well proportioned form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind;
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush.

The soft persuasive tenderness which ought to break through his assumed dogmatism, and be artfully evinced by a fond modulation of the voice and a glowing expression of fondness in the eyes, was lost in a formality of demeanour and gravity of utterance rather too stoical for the enamoured duke of Aranza. We have heretofore hinted at a distant resemblance which we imagined between Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Mossop. His duke Aranza was from beginning to end Mossopian, wanting however a little of that great man's strict correctness in speaking.

Of the other male characters, Jaques alone seemed to us to deserve much praise. The ladies were well represented. Volante requires much vivacity and comic spirit, and had no reason at all to complain of her treatment by Mrs. Twaites. Imagining that lady's

talents to lie in a different direction, we were the more pleased and indeed surprised at the handsome manner in which she acquitted herself of the undertaking.

All who know the character of Zamora would naturally expect from Mrs. Wood a just and appropriated delineation of that tender, interesting character, and whatever their expectations might have been, they could not have been disappointed by her performance.

From Mrs. Mason we always look for much; and until something happens to alter our opinion of her, shall continue to look for every thing that can reasonably be expected from great merit, alloyed by less defect than we have perceived in any actress we can think of. In Juliana, she surpassed our expectations. To us the character seemed to be new made by her. It is impossible to convey to those who have not seen her, an adequate idea, or to speak in too high praise of the just manner in which she conceived, and the skill and ability with which she executed the various gradations of change, which the poet has made in the character of Juliana, from the furious uncontrollable shrew, to the tender and obedient wife. Tobin's is perhaps the first imitation that ever excelled its prototype. And his Juliana far exceeds Shakspeare's Catherine, not in force of expression, but in likelihood of nature. He has so skilfully shaded down the various transitions in her temper and disposition, and made them arise from circumstances so likely, and from influencing principles so natural that the reformation which takes place delights and surprises, without violating probability. Mrs. Mason, in Juliana, is the first actress we have seen, who in her personation of the character seemed to improve upon the author's outline. When she first feigns acquiescence, her latent purpose and duplicity are finely marked: and her natural stubbornness, like an ill cured sore, occasionally breaking out, in concealed acts and expressions of impatience, in the by-play of the person and the significant glances of the eye, showed her the perfect mistress of her art, particularly in the dancing scene, during which she gradually melts down into affection for her husband. In a word we have no fear of affirming that, for so much as the character contains, Mrs. Mason's Juliana may be put in competition with the specimens of histrionism which are most loudly spoken of on the British stage for their purity and excellence.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—Here was one of the first comic productions in the world, played in every character of consequence, to great perfection. To speak of Warren's Falstaff is superfluous: his fame in the fat old knight is built on so solid, long established a foundation that, as nothing can increase, so nothing can shake or diminish it. If we could add to the public estimate by saying how much we think of it, we could with pleasure write page after page upon the subject; but as that is impossible, we shall only say that we hope to see our friend court Ford's wife often, and many years to come.—Jefferson is a choice sir Hugh; and Blissett was what every one expected from him, (he could not be more,) in Doctor Caius; and M'Kenzie deserves his share of praise in Ford.

The chief novelty of the night, and on many accounts a most pleasing one, was Mr. Jefferson's eldest son, in master Slender. To a fine boy, and he the son of one of the greatest favourites (deservedly) of the people of Philadelphia, it might naturally be expected, that public favour would be prodigally poured forth on such an occasion, even though it were not entirely deserved: but the general sentiment was disclosed in a manner more judicious and kind on the part of the public, and more honourable to its object:—There was no blind undistinguishing enthusiasm exhibited on the occasion. Far from applauding in a way that would imply a gratuitous tribute to their old friend, the audience chose rather to reserve their praises, till it would do the youth substantial credit by being bestowed only on desert; and in the full truth of severe criticism we declare that of the loud applause bestowed upon the boy, there was not a plaudit which he did not deserve. From this juvenile specimen we are disposed to believe that he inherits the fine natural talents of his father; but friend Jefferson must excuse us, if, to our wishes for the boy's success, we superadd one, namely, that he may make a better use of them, than his father *sometimes* does.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.—Of Mr. Cooper's Michael Ducas in Adelgitha, we have heretofore spoken so fully, that it would be superfluous to say more here than that, as we then thought, so we continue to think it a most able and striking performance; but which, being inferior in variety, and, therefore, affording less scope for the exercise of his talents, we think excelled by his Leon; a character in which he cannot reasonably

wish for more praise than we are willing to allow him. Not having the play by heart, as we have some parts of Shakspeare's, we cannot with certainty say, whether he is as incorrect in the words as he sometimes is in other parts; and therefore, protesting against pledging ourselves for him on that head, we declare that our imagination cannot reach to a better representation of the character, than that of Mr. Cooper. His manner of playing the Simpleton is inimitably fine. Those who have not seen him, will be able, from the portrait that accompanies this number, done by young Leslie, and which is a most perfect likeness, to form a conception how he can adopt the look and attitude of a fool. In the serious part he was energetic, dignified and impressive.

As we have Mr. Cooper before us, we will proceed with his subject to the end.

We widely differ from some of our friends in opinion respecting his Othello. Perhaps we have been rendered too nice by early indulgence upon the highest fare; but in Othello, Mr. Cooper is very unlike what we conceive to be the character. Over charged action—elaborated stage-effect hunting, and vociferation wholly unwarranted by nature, occasion or reason, greatly injure it. If Mr. Cooper will only attempt less, he will accomplish much more than he really does in Othello.

McKenzie's Iago was a very poor affair. Spiller's Cassio was not at all exceptionable. Jefferson's Roderigo liketh me not.

In the afterpiece Mrs. Mason made up to us, in Maria, for all the deficiencies of the play. She played it, (if such a thing were possible,) ten times better than before.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—While there are so many characters at his hand, in which Mr. Cooper appears to consummate advantage, he will find it his interest to decline Shylock, from his performance of which he is not likely to draw credit to his professional fame, or cash to his coffers. Had Mr. Cooper seen the remarks made in the London prints upon Mr. Kemble's assumption of Shylock after the departure of Cooke, he would, perhaps, have felt more difficulty in hazarding himself in the Jew, while the Shylock is still fresh in every one's remembrance and is on the point of returning to us. His Petruchio, however, made some amends, since, as the stage now goes, we know not any superior to Mr. C's. It is more than forty years since we saw the character so well played.—Then, indeed, it was better done; because done still

more seriously. Mossop's Petruchio was considered a *chef d'œuvre*.—He delighted every one in it, by seeming perfectly in earnest; for he was as unrelentingly the Bashaw in it, as in Barbarossa or Bajazet.—Hodgkinson failed by being injudiciously comical.

Of Mr. Cooper's *Pierre*, we must ever speak in high commendation; and on his *Penruddock* too, criticism is bound to bestow praise, though by no means in so great a degree. It does not appear of first rate quality to those who have seen Kemble—but is sufficiently good to fill up the conceptions of those who have not witnessed the performance of that great original.

THE WEST INDIAN.—Mr. Dwyer made his first appearance here for these two years in the character of Belcour. He has since appeared in *Gossamer*, *Cheverel* and *Tangent*—besides *Mercutio*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Wilding* in the *Liar*. What the extent of Mr. Dwyer's capacity as an actor may be, we of Philadelphia have not yet had any thing like sufficient opportunities to determine. That the line in which he has hitherto moved here is his *forte* may reasonably be concluded from his adhering so exclusively to it, in this, as well as in his former adventure. It is in that line therefore, we have to notice him; because it is in it alone we can pretend, from knowledge, to form a judgment of his talents, and we have spoken at some length on this subject in a former volume.

In person and in face nature has done much for Mr. Dwyer. He is certainly one of the best made men upon the stage. He has an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits; he is, in general, easy in his deportment; and though he has more genteel unembarrassed vivacity, and voluble address, than actual gracefulness, his carriage and demeanor has a something in them which passes for gracefulness, and is perhaps better for it than for comedy. On that ground he is so perfectly founded, that slip how he will in other things, he is there immovable. His voice is very well adapted to the stage, and under the correction of a sound judgment and a good ear may accomplish much. He understands his author too—but it is in the rough; for, not from want of capacity, but from being satisfied with his first conceptions, which are sometimes formed too hastily, he neglects the more refined considerations; and while he makes his most indifferent auditors bear testimony to his physical powers, he makes his judicious friends reluctantly confess sometimes his want of judgment, and sometimes a coarseness

in his taste, which, though they show themselves but seldom, are such a woful contrast to the accompanying parts, that they are more provoking than greater faults would be thought, if found in other company.

To this want of due consideration, and to the excessive height of his animal spirits, we ascribe the occasional overdoing of his characters, and that too when exertion on his part is least wanting, namely when the author himself has inflamed the character. To this also his introduction, at times, of practical tropes unfit for the character he performs, is to be ascribed. To be more particular; when in Belcour, in the first scene of the third act of the *West Indian*, he says to Stockwell. "No, if ever I marry, it must be a stayed, sober, considerate damsel, with blood in her veins as cold as a turtle's: with such a companion at my elbow, for ever whispering in my ear, *have a care of this man, he's a cheat; don't go near that woman, she's a jilt; overhead there's a scaffold, underfoot there's a well;*—O sir, such a woman might lead me up and down this great city, without danger, &c."—Mr. Dwyer spoke the parts in italics in the caricatured voice of a female. Now, that was extremely improper; because though a gentleman may have talents for mimicry, his practising it is a deviation from the character he should preserve, and assuredly, in the present instance did let down the elegant Belcour below his level. When, while castle building in the character of Tangent, he gets in imagination on the woolstack, Mr. Dwyer, instead of giving a moderate share of pomposity to the words of the lord chancellor putting the question, threw it into a caricature, which produced a very different effect from pleasure or risibility, and protracted the no with a voice such as would indicate that instead of looking with ambitious veneration to the office, as Tangent is supposed to do, he intended to ridicule it. We could excuse his spitting like a cat, when he tells his sad tale of marriage in the *Liar*, because it was not quite irrelevant; but we cannot so readily make allowance for the unnecessary trope he introduced in *Mercurio's* speech about queen Mab, when he comes to describe the soldier's dream.

These are the only prominent faults of Mr. Dwyer in the characters now alluded to—and they may be reduced to the one general head of overdoing his part; a fault so easily mended, that no excuse can be offered for his not laying it aside. Sometimes he hurts a good thing by endeavouring to make too much of it.

He laughs admirably in character—it pleases; but he laughs too much, and too long, and that impairs its value.

Because we wish this gentleman to succeed, and feel a partiality (perhaps it may be a little national, but it is not the worse for that) to his acting, we speak thus plainly; and we beseech him ever to keep *foremost* in his thoughts, *justice to his author*, and to think as little as possible of his audience; because that is the true way to give his auditors legitimate satisfaction—and to accept from us this friendly assurance, that the producing of stage effect, as it is called, is but a sorry, second-hand, and spurious kind of merit; the hunting after which, if it does not indicate absolute want of genius, marks a want of that genuine, proud confidence in one's own powers which generally accompanies genius. Mr. Dwyer has before him an instance of great talents, reduced many stages below its natural level, by this bane of actors. He has also before him a striking example of the beneficial effects of contrary principle and conduct in an actor to whom nature has been niggard of most of her favours, and bountiful only in that first blessing of God to man, a sound, manly judgment, which, under the maturation of experience and industry has enriched him with a taste to discover what ought to be avoided; and who, in consequence of that and a proud resolution to contemn the applause which cannot be obtained by legitimate means, never stumbles by injudicious efforts to rise; persuaded, no doubt, of this truth, that the best skill of an actor is often shown, not so much in what he does, as in what he abstains from doing.

By dwelling upon these suggestions, laying them earnestly to his heart and profiting by them, Mr. Dwyer can not fail to hold a high and honourable place in the very first ranks of his profession.

The performance of the *Deserted Daughter*, on the 21st, and of *Romeo and Juliet*, on the 23d, were so interrupted by tumult and riot, that a great part of them was entirely lost to the audience. On the former of those nights the disturbance was, as compared with that of the latter, so little that we were able to form some conception of the merit of the performers; and, though Mr. Wood was the principal object of the malice of the rioters, to bear testimony to his judicious and excellent performance of *Mordent*.—Of his *Romeo* not a word was to be heard.

ANACREON MOORE'S

FIRST APPEARANCE AS A DRAMATIC POET.

OUR theatrical friends will be pleased to hear, and must anticipate, as we do, much delight from it, that the charming translator of Anacreon, who, with all his faults, real or imputed, is one of the most bewitching of modern poets, has brought out on the London boards a comic opera, of which the critics speak in raptures; and in which, for the first time such a thing was ever known perhaps, the same person appears as author of the words and composer of the music. We regret that the intelligence of this new production reached us not till it was too late to give a full account of it, which however shall appear in our next number. Yet we have room to state generally, that the opera has received distinguished marks of public approbation from all classes, and that the public prints are lavish in their encomiums on it. One paper speaks of it in the following terms.

"The reputation of the author for the sublime efforts of lyric composition is so well known, that any comment upon the qualities for which his verses are admired would be superfluous. We have seen him to night exhibiting a proof of two-fold talent. The poet and musician are combined, and the language of love is conveyed to the heart in "tones of richest melody." But Mr. Moore's efforts in this, are not confined to the common-place character of sentiment;—there is a rich vein of wit which runs with undiminished splendour and rapidity through every scene in which the humorous parts are represented. The piece was received throughout with the most rapturous applause; it will not fail we think, to become a permanent favourite of the public."

Some judicious persons, to whose critical judgment our modern Anacreon, thought it became him to bend, having after the first performance proposed some alterations, and even suggested the advantage of the pruning knife, the opera appeared on its second performance in the reformed state they proposed, of which the same paper took the following notice.

"Mr. Moore's Opera was repeated last night. Some judicious curtailments have been made. Passages which had been misunderstood were omitted; and some scenes which seemed to linger, were shortened. The graces of the dialogue, and the tenderness

of the sentiment were thus rendered more prominent; and there is no one expression which we now wish to see obliterated."

We have no doubt that public solicitude on this side of the Atlantic, will be great and eager, to see this production represented on our stage,—but alas!—where are the singers?

As a specimen of the poetry of this Opera, we give the following song, with which every reader of poetical taste will be highly pleased, and every lover of liberty must feel his heart beat in unison.

Though sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains;
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.

Oh thou! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present,
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewel to the land, where in childhood I wandered,
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;
Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squandered,
And fame has no wreath for the brow of the slave.

But hail to thee, Albion, who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam,
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail, temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In pursuance of the intimation contained in a former number, and founded upon a letter from one of our friends, signed *Dramaticus*, the wishes of a vast number of our subscribers have been expressed to us; and without the exception of a single dissenting voice, and with the assent of one only at all qualified, they have unanimously given their opinion in favour of a commutation of the play, which according to the original contract was to accompany each number, for an equivalent of miscellaneous matter.—Accordingly this number goes forth, unaccompanied by a play, and increased by an addition to its pages of one half of its original size, which will swell the bulk of each half year's volume to a size of no less than five hundred and seventy six pages.

Our subscribers must be aware that this new arrangement lays a very weighty tax upon the editor, and will, therefore no doubt, less reluctantly than they otherwise would, make indulgent allowance for occasional deficiencies, if any such should hereafter occur.

October 31, 1811.